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MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Vol. IX No. 1 September, 19

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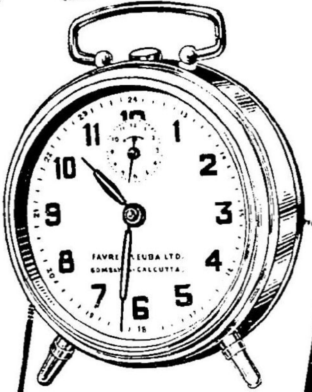

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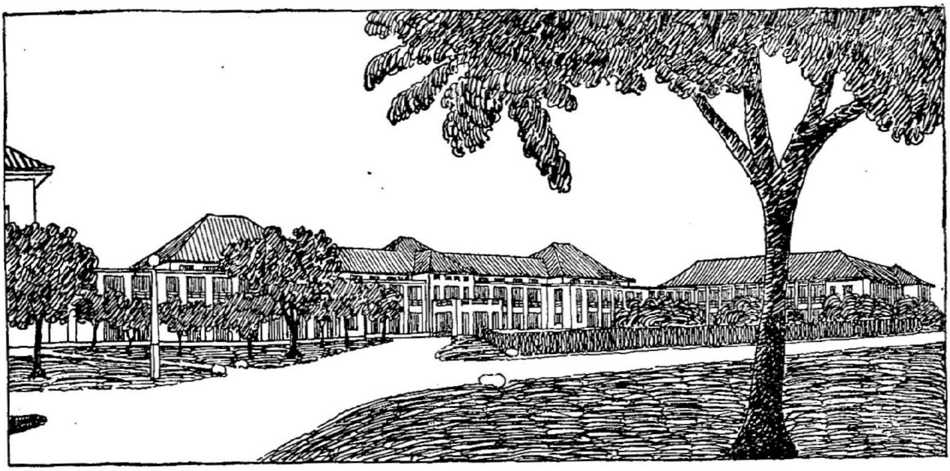

CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

"They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

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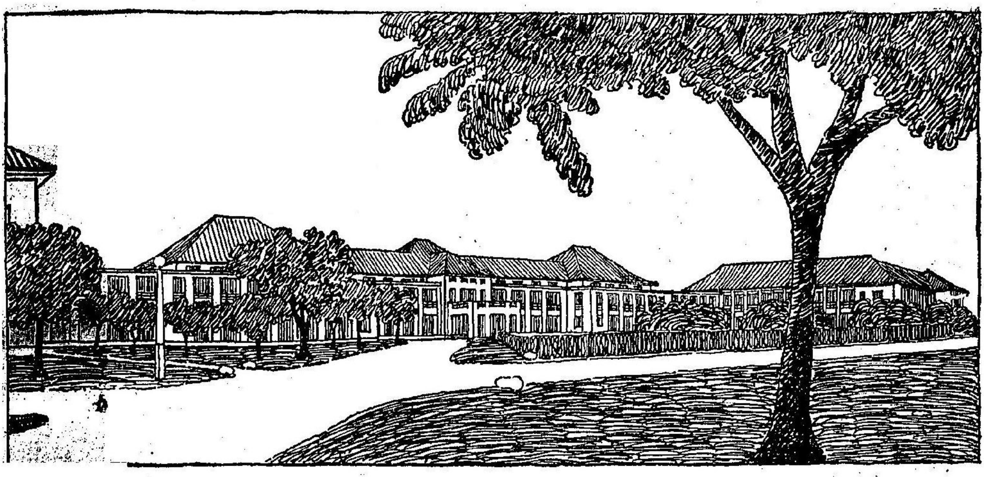

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R. RAMIYAR, M.A.

(Lecturer, Govt. College, Kumbakonam)

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Member for Commerce, Government of India.

THE MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER, 1939

COLLEGE NOTES

Admission of Women Students

A notable step was taken last year by the Senatus in consultation with the staff of the Women's Christian College when it decided to admit women students to certain Post-Intermediate courses. The College prospectus for the academic year 1939–40 announced that women students could apply for admission to any of the Honours courses, to the B.Sc. courses in Physics or Chemistry Main, and to the B.A. courses in Mathematics or Economics, and fourteen women students have been admitted.

Changes in Staff

The Rev. Gordon Matthews and Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias, both of the English Department, retired last year. As an additional appointment had already been made last year, the only appointment made this year to the English Department was that of Deacon K. C. Joseph who joined this College as a Post-Graduate student some years ago and who distinguished himself in the M.A. examination of his year. He brings into this College the traditions and the inspiration under which he grew up in an institution which has been built up almost entirely by former students of this College. We cordially welcome Deacon Joseph from the Alwaye Christian College back into the fellowship of this College. The Rev. J. R. Macphail went on furlough in April and his place as Warden of St. Thomas's Hall has been taken by the Rev. R. S. Macnicol who returned from furlough last June.

The Physics Department offered till last year only a Post-Graduate course and a pass course in Physics, apart from its share of the work in the Intermediate classes. But this year the work of the Department has become heavier on account of the opening of the three year Honours course in Physics in addition to the Post-Graduate course and in view of the extra work of the Department, Mr. M. A. Thangaraj has been appointed as an additional Lecturer in Physics. Mr. Thangaraj, who had a brilliant academic career in the Annamalai University, has rapidly made himself at home in our midst.

Mr. M. D. Paul who worked as a Lecturer in Zoology during the second and third terms last year resigned during the holidays, and his place has been taken by Mr. Ganapathy. Dr. J. E. Rasalam, Assistant Medical Officer resigned when he obtained an appointment in the Travancore State Service, and his place has been taken by Dr. T. M. George.

In the staff of junior tutors and demonstrators, there have been many

changes. Messrs. K. I. Thomas, and K. R. Chandrasekara Iyer of the English Department, Mr. G. Subramaniam of the Physics Department, and Mr. Kamiah of the Chemistry Department left us last year; and in their place have been appointed Messrs. V. Balasundaram, K. V. Srinivasa Rao and M. K. Venkataraman for English, K. B. Hariharan for Physics, and K. V. Vijayaraghavan for Chemistry.

Owing to a larger number having been admitted to the science groups of the Junior Intermediate Class than in previous years, certain additional appointments have been made for this year, viz. Mr. T. R. Ramamoorthy in the Mathematics Dept., Mr. Yesuratnam John in the Physics Dept., and Mr. V. T. Caldwell in the Chemistry Dept.

Sketch of our College Buildings

The Magazine Committee has been exceedingly fortunate in obtaining from Mr. Schaetti a very fine sketch of the new buildings to be used on the inside cover page of the *Magazine*. We are thankful to Mr. Schaetti for the very cordial way in which he undertook to do this for the *Magazine*, and we thank him very sincerely for the promptness with which he did it after he had settled down in his present residence at Bern, Switzerland.

The New College Session

The year has begun very well as may be seen from the activities of the various associations and athletic clubs of the College. The well established programme of work in College and Hall goes on as a matter of course and the Principal in his annual letter to the former students of the College was able to draw attention to certain very pleasing features of the life at Tambaram as well as to the fine results that were secured by our students at the University Examinations held last March.

The College Magazine Committee

Last year the main burden was borne by a group of four persons, of whom two were students. The enthusiastic co-operation of the student members indicated that far larger responsibilities should be laid on them, and accordingly the following Committee was appointed to share with the Editor responsibilities for the *College Magazine*:

Literary Editor:—G. H. Jansen, (Hons. 5, Br. vii).

Advertisements Manager:—K. M. Talgeri (Hons. 4, Br. ii).

News Editor, Associations:—P. S. Raman (Hons. 4, Br. iii).

News Editor, Athletic Clubs:—A. Damodaran (Hons. 4, Br. iii).

Representative of Hons. and B.Sc. Classes:—Jacob Matthan.

Representative of B. A. Classes:—K. P. Philip.

Representative of Intermediate Classes:—J. F. Stirling.

The contributions received for publication in this issue exceeded forty, and we could find space only for twelve of them. We should have been glad to publish a very well written short story, the 'Brother' and one or two others, if the size of the *Magazine* was larger. This response from students is most gratifying, and we trust that the *Magazine* will continue to call forth the best efforts of the members of the College, and to enable the Editor to accept a larger number of contributions, it is hoped that writers will aim at brevity, and succeed in combining it with real excellence.

OUR FORMER STUDENTS

The Honourable Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar.

We offer our warmest congratulations to the Hon'ble Sir A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, a distinguished alumnus of our College on his recent appointment as Member for Commerce with the Government of India. His has been a remarkable career of great usefulness ever since he left the portals of our College and of Caithness Hall, of which he was Secretary during his last year at College. He has been a diligent student of politics, and visited England in 1919 to give evidence before the Joint Committee set up in connection with the Government of India Act of 1919, and again political work took him there in 1924 and 1925. Later he attended all the three Round Table Conferences that preceded the framing of the present Constittuion for India. He was Council Secretary during the first term of the Reformed Council, and served in many responsible positions before he became a member of the India Council. To his new office as a member of the Government of India, he brings a rich administrative experience, and the reputation of an unselfish, hard-working, and able public worker. In the task to which he is called, we wish him well.

Sir S. Radhakrishnan

As this issue of the *Magazine* is about to be printed, the papers have announced that Sir S. Radhakrishnan has acceded to the request of Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya to serve as the Vice-Chancellor of the Benares University. It is very fortunate that this great seat of learning, the first residential and teaching University in India which has won for itself an assured place in this land has secured the leadership of a distinguished scholar. He is George V Professor of Philosophy at the University of Calcutta, and Spalding Professor for life of Eastern Religions and Ethics at Oxford. He is also a member of the International Committee on Intellectual Co-operation at Geneva, and recently he was elected a member of the British Academy, which high honour he was the first Indian to receive. We congratulate him on his election as a member of the British Academy and his appointment as the executive head of a great national institution. Sir S. Radhakrishnan as an exponent of Hindu thought and culture has done a piece of service which few have done, and as he brings to bear upon his new Office the rich experiences he has gathered both in the East and in the West, we feel sure Benares will march on even to larger achievements than in the first 23 years of its history.

Dr. C. Narayana Menon

Dr. C. Narayana Menon, Professor of English, Benares University has recently gained from our University a doctorate in Literature. On Dr. Narayana Menon who was the first of our College students to secure a first-class in the English Honours Examination of our University has now been conferred the degree of D. Litt. We offer our hearty congratulations to Dr. Narayana Menon, whose book on Shakespeare was reviewed last year in the pages of our *Magazine*.

THE PONTIFF OF THE PURPLE PASSAGE

BY G. H. JANSEN, *Hons. V, Br. vii.*

The colossal statue of the seated Buddha at Kamakura is one of the well-known sights of Japan. It is of course, extremely large, impassive, dignified, impressive. But if one gazes at it long enough one sees that dignified impassivity is only another name for solemn pomposity, and that its rigid grandeur is slightly ridiculous. It is the same with da Vinci's 'Mona Lisa': if you look at *that* long enough, the lady with the enigmatic smile appears to be nothing else but a fat and fatuous female. It is the unfortunate lot of some literary men that in themselves and in their work they bear all too close a resemblance to the two works of art mentioned above: at first sight they leave us in gasping astonishment; but on closer scrutiny they are seen to be just solemn owls. One such writer is Rabindranath Tagore, 'the Poet Laureate of Asia'.

Tagore's main tragedy is that he, a *homo unius libri*—a one book man, wrote more than fifty books. With splendid prodigality he spreads his looseness of thought, his expansive vagueness in a thin, highly-diluted film over an entire literature. 'I slowly return on my own steps,' he says, 'I do not know why.' Not for him was the phrase given by Gautier as the great commandment of the creative artist: '*sculpte, lime, cisele*'. Like a child making an indefinite number of houses out of the same bricks, Tagore exuberantly jerry-builds with the same eternally-repeated materials; how flimsy these materials are we shall see.

Tagore in more than one way is remarkably like Walt Whitman, the American poet. In physical appearance the resemblance is striking; one has only to compare John Alexander's portrait of Whitman called 'The Good Grey Poet' with that of Tagore executed by Rothenstien to see this: the same wise, noble serenity, the lofty forehead, the expressive eyes, the same flowing grey hair and flowing robes. Then in both their teachings we see the same insistence on the Oversoul, the World-Spirit, the Spirit of Man, the same pawing and fawning over humanity, the same mongrel itch to take the whole world to one's bosom. Now this is a most unfortunate resemblance, for an American critic has recently proved, beyond doubt, that Whitman was one of the most successful, deliberately-contrived frauds that was ever launched on the literary world. Taking a character from one of George Sand's novels Whitman assiduously modelled both his appearance and his opinions on it. Bitter though the truth is, it must be said that his grizzled mane and expansive gestures were carefully cultivated (he failed however to cure himself of a vulgar and inordinate gluttony where apple-pies were concerned) and that his great hearted, expansive, 'mystical', generous spirit was nothing else but a pose. Thus his whole life was a plagiarised version of a literary character.

Far be it from us to suggest that Tagore is also a poseur. He is worse. He plagiarises his own characters.

In his voluminous outgushings Tagore fails to maintain his individuality, independence and integrity as a writer, apart from his creations. This restraint is not absolutely necessary in a writer but still, we recognise that authors who do not maintain it—Jane Austen, the Russian Novelists, Flaubert—are greater artists, and more truly imaginative ones than those who do not. And where the identity proceeds to the lengths that it does with Tagore it becomes definitely dangerous. It would be instructive at this point to refer to Luigi Pirandello's great and perplexing play '*Six Characters in Search of an Author*' in which the embodied characters, now living and complex people, come on the stage and act the play instead of the actors who are supposed to impersonate them, but whom, they feel, will not be able to adequately interpret their fully-rounded personalities. In exactly the same manner Tagore's characters sought their author—and they did not have far to seek—caught, captured and dominated him. He is a gross, vastly magnified edition of all his characters' redeeming vices. He has all their vague inanity seen in such stories as *The Schoolmaster*, *The Supreme Night* or *The Skeleton*; the same retiring snail-like attitude to life such as is revealed in the characters of Kusum in *The River Stairs*, Amal in *The Post Office*, the sanyasi in *Saved*, almost all the characters in the longer novels such as *Gora*, *A Tale of Four Pictures*, *The Last Poem*,—they all seek death or disappear into a self-imposed martyrdom. That they reflect Tagore's own considered opinion is to be gathered from *The Letter*, where he rejoices that he has found 'a safe harbour from the tumult of the world in the calm beauty of nature'; he is even a 'sorrowful patriot' and Lesný, his latest and authorised biographer, says 'Tagore's sensitive spirit which suffered under the chaotic condition of Indian politics sought peace abroad'—hence his many foreign tours. Like a wise son—and an author true to his withdrawing characters—Tagore went abroad when his mother country was in troubled waters. That his friends recognised this other-worldly attitude that we see reflected in his creations is revealed by the nickname that he long bore 'The Bengal Shelley' and about him and his literary creation there is more than a touch of the ineffectual angel.

His literary work is thus a curious flowing outwards and inwards on himself, a sort of narcissism, he is a literary schizophreniac in which both parts of the personality are the same. He is so much bound up with his own personality that whatever he produces is an imitation of himself, his work is a type of self-abuse. It can only be compared to a highly decorated Gothic cathedral façade. We are all façades in greater or lesser measure, a lesson that Pirandello himself teaches in *Henri Quatre* and Wells in his recent novel *Brynhild*, but Tagore's façade is his whole literary structure, and one moreover that conceals nothing; to pursue the metpahor, it reaches back to the transept and even to the holy altar-like recesses of the inmost soul and 'the stillness where our spirits walk'.

Because of this there is bound to be a certain amount of maladjustment and insincerity in his work. This falsity of sentiment is seen in his pseudo-tragic short stories, which are so because the 'tragedy' does not, as it should, spring from character but is imposed by an inescapable Fate

from outside; in them the whole cosmos is evil, a proposition that Tagore himself would not admit. And we are thus led to wonder whether, with all his other resemblances to Whitman, the fine sharp melancholy of some of these stories is not a delicate pose.

No true poet, except one like Whitman, would dare to be so conventionally, so aesthetically poetic as Tagore. Even Yeats and AE did useful political work, besides being supremely imaginative poets. This can be partly attributed to what one of his biographers has called 'his consciously nurtured spirituality', and partly to the fact that he with his brothers and a few others had to recreate Bengali literature. They were the pioneers, and so, tragically enough, had no one to criticise and contradict them. In this sheltered atmosphere all Tagore's romantic idealism was allowed to grow absolutely unchecked and it has so divorced him from the realities that now he is little more than a highly-coloured travel-poster to the Glamorous East.

It must be admitted that he has a very pleasing quiet wit but, unfortunately it only appears in rare flashes and infrequent glimmers. This bubbling yeast is not enough to leaven and lighten the heavy flaccid mass of the rest of his work.

It has been said that, under one aspect, Tagore's work resembles a Gothic façade: his style, in that it is highly decorative, is also certainly Gothic. A reader of his poems might well say with the author himself: 'he half-swooned in langour. He was lost in the endless mist of vague sweetness'. His style, especially the imagery and diction is, again to quote from him 'wrapped in many and many a new veil, in countless disguises in many shapes'. It is with surprise, and relief, that we learn that in his English translations, to which alone this section refers, he 'had to strip them of all their gaudy ornaments and clothe them in the simplest dress'; As it stands, his language is like a highly-embroidered semi-transparent curtain blowing and waving before his thoughts,—'a thing of shreds and purple patches'. The exotic and far-fetched similes (his favourite figure of speech) he doubtless found ready to hand in Bengali poetry, because it seems native to all Indian poetry, even those of the Tamil Alvars being heavily perfumed. The mystic symbolism of God as the Loved One and the devotee as the Lover, or vice versa, he derives from the Sufis, but by devious paths. The Sufi tradition, through Islam, was handed on to the Sikhs in whose *Granth Sahib* it is very extensively used. As a boy Tagore with his father worshipped at the Golden Temple, but he borrowed his symbolism not even directly from the Sikhs but from one who was influenced by Nanak's eclectic ideas—Kabir, whom Tagore so admires that he collaborated in a translation of a hundred of his hymns. But transplanted from its native soil this erotic symbolism in Tagore's poems is at best a sickly growth. In the loosely-vague pantheism of Tagore this growth became positively lush and cloying without the hard resistant core of Islamic monotheism to control it, against which it appears in such daring incongruity in the brilliant pages of Hafiz or Rumi or even in the softer parts of Iqbal's *Asrur-i-Kudi.*

The most distinctive, and unfortunate, part of Tagore's style is his sentence and paragraph structure. This, of course, refers only to his

style in prose. Not a small part of his 'mysticism' is due to the difficulty of following the train of thought in his prolix, interminable, many-jointed sentences. Tagore, especially in his addresses in English, aims at the rolling period, and sometimes he secures it, even with the attractive 'dying fall'. But more often, partly because he never knows when to end a sentence, partly because his syntax is not built on the dynamic strength of the verb but on a pretentious inflated polysyllabic Latinate vocabulary, he fails, and then instead of a roll of thunder we get a series of disconnected bellows, and where he tries to be rhythmical he merely lollops. The weakness of this side of his style also lies somewhat in its history. It derives from the type of stilted prose popular in the Anglo-India of the Nabobs when Indians, in toppers and tails, still thought it worthwhile to cultivate a good English style and were duly nourished on the most respectable prosy and verbose of Early and Mid-Victorian writers: Carlyle, Newman, Ruskin and Thackeray (the letters in *Vanity Fair* and *The Newcomes* read exactly like Tagore at his best, as do the early resolutions of the Congress). Now these Victorians, as stylists, were merely emasculated Elizabethans; it is, then, a strange and chastening reflection that but for the noble obscurities of Browne and the rolling, ponderous sententiousness of Jeremy Taylor, the flabby spineless quivering mass into which Tagore pulps the English language might never have come into existence. We can only say that, as a whole, his style is often as obscure as the drawings he sometimes perpetrates.

Like Spenser, we might forgive Tagore his language if, like the former, he was 'a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas'. We follow him down all the mazy labyrinthine pathways of his speech, approach the Holy of Holies, pull aside the curtains and, like the Roman soldiers in the Temple at Jerusalem, are surprised to find it empty. His 'philosophy' is perhaps the most disappointing fact about Tagore. If his style is emasculated Elizabethan, his thought is emasculated Upanishadic. It drips beauty and high sentiments and clean over-looks the more unpleasant facts of existence. Tagore's inspiring voice is not that of a prophet but of an oracle, awe-compelling, but other-worldly and difficult to comprehend. His chapter in *Sadhana* on the Problem of Evil adopts the least helpful attitude towards it, that of ignoring its existence. His religion, a Plangossian heresy, is wholly positive, he never doubts of God, and since nothing in the ordinary world does not have its negative side there is no connexion between the two; consequently he has nothing to say to those who do doubt the existence of the Deity. In this side of his thought especially he should:

> 'Pour in pain lest bliss should [cloy
> Shake in sin to give it zest.'

It might be said of him, as of Shelley, 'that he was born too good ever to become a saint.'

In the whole of his mystical experience Tagore never experienced The Dark Night of the Soul, the trial of doubt which the mystics themselves claim to be indispensable to the deepest understanding of the Mystic Reality and to the final confirmation of the mystic aspiration. Even when he tries to force himself to look on pain, like Keats, he does it shrinkingly. It is probably due to the fact that he

is not a true mystic initiate that the boring cheerful unanimity of his thoughts is due; it has faced no great trial, it has conquered no great hostile fact. For all Tagore's maturity it is still immature because, in Freudian language, it has not yet got Beyond the Pleasure Principle. Is it due to this fact that his 'mystic' poems are not included in the *Oxford Book of Mystical Verse* though Sarojini Nayudu finds a place therein?

His philosophy has a very slender basis since his own works clearly reveal that he is not capable of long and sustained thought. The religious thoughts of *Gitanjali*, for instance, are accepted because they are eeked out with a heavy purple embroidery. It is when his ideas stand alone, unadorned, by themselves, that we see how flimsy they are. What can one say to the concentrated idiocy, the impregnable inanity of *Stray Birds?*

'The eyes are not proud of their sight but of their eyeglasses.' (256)

'The little flower lies in the dust
It sought the path of the butterfly.' (264)

'Toes are the fingers that have forsaken their past.'(187)

'The bird thinks it is an act of kindness to give the fish a lift in the air.' (123)

And so on *ad nauseam*.

Tagore's thoughts do not have what the Stoics called the *Kataleptike phantasia*—the grip on reality. He finds his religion mainly by turning on himself; his religious lyrics are almost wholly autobiographical. But just because of this what validity can his intensely personal experiences have for others, except those who are exactly like him in character, and do not need his help?

The fatally narrow optimism of his ideas is seen in the inadequacy of the comfort he can give when faced with a real evil, such as the Great War. In *Fruit Gathering*, written in 1916, he addresses the slaughtered youth of the West:

'With the calm of silent prayer on your foreheads sail to that further shore.

'And we die with the faith that Peace is true and Good is true and true is the eternal One!

'Shall the value of the martyr's blood and mothers' tears be utterly lost in the dust of the earth, not buying Heaven with their price?'

The chief merit of such comfort is its delightful inconsequence and irrelevance from fact.

To the people, and especially the youth, of this country Tagore has no message; as he says in *My Fair Neighbour:* 'In time of famine if a well-fed man speaks scornfully of food and advises a starving man at point of death to glut his hunger on the fragrance of flowers and the songs of birds what are we to think of him?' That he is exactly like Tagore.

By the use of very free verse in his translations Tagore has done incalculable harm to the prosody of such of the younger poets that are writing in English. Evidently mistaking these but roughly rhythmical transpositions for accomplished poetry they base even their original English verse on the model of Tagore's halting, pedestrian numbers. And they are not to be blamed, since he uses these sprung lines even in poems originally written in English such as *The Foreign Flower.*

Tagore's true, and very real, greatness lies in his intense appreciation of natural beauty. Scattered passages in his poems have a breath-taking sensitiveness and accuracy and splendour.

If, like the cobbler, he had only stuck to his last, and to the writing of that type of poetry for which he is most fitted, he would have occupied in the literature of his country a secured position analogous to that of Thompson, the author of *The Seasons*, in English Literature. Unfortunately he will try to improve upon a scene in nature, he will try to be a 'philosophic' poet; with the result that actually his literary position is very much like those of the early Elizabethans such as Chapman, Daniel, Drayton. They all wrote a good deal, it was extremely beautiful in parts and very clever poetry as a whole, and very sententious—as in the case of Tagore; but nothing of what they wrote is now read for pleasure. That fate is already overtaking Tagore's poems; they have become classics and are so revered that people are afraid to read them lest they should not see in them what, by popular consent, should be seen in them: beauty and profundity and inspiration. If he had stuck to his last he would not, of course, have won the Nobel Prize, he would not be the Poet Laureate of Asia; but he still might have been widely read.

THE DAY IS DONE

By J. Clement Ratnaiya, *Hons. V, Br. vii. November 1938.*

The dreary day is done, and peace pervades
The souls of men through glimmering shades of night,
Rewarding toil with rest, while memory fades
And leaves the sleepy mind bereft of light.
But lo ! my lonely heart, unwooed by sleep,
In melancholy meditation lies,
Now lit by hope, now sadly forced to weep :
A cruel soul my heart with thoughts supplies.
How callous, ah ! how callous is the world !
And oh ! the agony with love immured !
Before my mournful wailing mind unfurled
The hideous hurts of fate do rot uncured :
  Each step in life to me its horrors brings,
  But yet to life in vain my spirit clings.

SOMU'S SAGA

By S. T. APPACHANA, *Class III, Group iv-b.*

The dark clouds piled faster in the sky. There was a menace in the deepening darkness and the vicious flashes of lightning. There was yet a long stretch for me to reach home. I walked faster, but it was no use. A gust of wind swished through the trees, an ominous patter, and the rain came on in right earnest.

I broke into an undignified run, and dived under the awning of a little shop—the sort of ramshackle thing that prominently exposes to view a bunch of yellow plantains and a couple of ancient soda-water bottles. But the shutters were on and the place deserted. Most people had been wiser than me that evening and kept to the snug comfort of their homes. I looked sulkily at the yellow foam in the gutters and braced myself for a long wait. A mangy dog scuttled into my refuge and shook itself all over my trousers. I glared at the animal and tried to shoo it off. But it just ignored me and diligently applied itself to exterminating the fleas on its body. Occasionally it ventured a look in my direction and I had a vague feeling that there was derision in its countenance.

I looked up upon hearing the patter of feet. It was a rickshawallah. His vehicle was empty. Leaving it on the edge of the road, he crept into our refuge—of me and the dog. The man was soaked to the skin and a pool began to collect around his feet. The dog edged away from him and came to my side of the shop. He removed his battered hat and squatted down on his heels, his chin cupped in his hands. After a moment he cast a look in my direction. The sickly lamp-light from the other side of the road fell on his worn face. Only one eye moved. It was Somu. He had taken me to school in his rickshaw for several years while I was doing my primary. 'Hullo, Somu! don't you remember me?' I asked. A little startled, he rose and peered at me. A gleam of recognition entered his solitary eye and he broke into a wan smile. 'How are you Baba? When did you come from College?' he asked. There was a terrible change for the worse in Somu. Beneath the grizzly growth of beard, the face was furrowed with a hundred seams; the eyes were bloodshot. His once powerful frame had shrunk and sagged. 'Are you not well Somu?' I asked.

He laughed a low mirthless laugh. 'The poor can never be well' he said. The rain poured in torrents. Somu squatted down again in that same posture of abject misery. There was tragedy writ large on every line of his face. 'Tell me what your life has been like, Somu?' I asked possessed by a sudden impulse. He looked up, a little surprised. He shook his head. 'No, Baba, you will get bad dreams' he said. But, I was firm, and he launched upon the following narrative.

'I don't remember to have had a father, but, I can recollect my mother, a poor overworked soul. I was her only child and she lavished all her affection on me. She earned a pittance washing clothes and drawing water for the great people in the

neighbourhood. Many were the days when she would push aside the bowl of rice saying she was not hungry and make me eat what little there was. Many were the nights when she lay moaning with the fever and wracked by cough, and I cried for I was a child and could do nothing else. She was always ailing, but had to work to earn the few annas that were to keep me and her alive—alive and nothing else. But, it could not be for long. The cough grew worse, she could no more go to work. The neighbours brought one of those men that deal with the spirits and charm away fevers with the sacrifice of fowls and goats. In vain the man muttered incantations, in vain was shed the blood of three young cocks, the spirits were not satisfied and they stole my mother's soul from her body. The last lingering look of those agonised eyes haunt me still. I was alone in the vast world at the age of eight.

Two big tears coursed down Somu's cheeks. 'Baba, we were happy, my mother and I; we were poor, terribly so, but there was love.' He paused watching the yellow flood on the road. The dog scratched itself noisily and whined. The wind howled through the neighbouring banyan tree, the thunder pealed in an unending crescendo. Somu woke from his reverie and continued. 'An uncle of mine took me away to live with him. But he would not dole out rice for nothing, young though I was. He worked in a 'beedi' shop and took me there to work. From morn till night I sat in a corner packing the filthy weed into shape till my fingers became numb. Sometimes I fell asleep over my work and then they pulled my ears and caned me. There was not an eye to grow moist over my misery. My heart ached more than my body. Men of all ages worked in that foul-smelling den, men with ripe hair, youths and children like me. But they were all creatures that had seen only the darker side of life, creatures with cankered minds. They talked things that would bring the blush to a harlot's cheek. I earned a few annas but my harpy of an uncle took the greater part of it from me.

Nothing joyous entered my life, it was ever the rustle of the pungent leaf and the dust and din from the road. I saw young ones of my own age playing in the streets, the tinkle of their merry laughter floated to where I sat; I saw them trot behind their mothers. They were glimpses of another world.

For six dreary years I worked in that den and then one day I felt I could bear it no more and ran away. I found work in a tea-shop. I was happier here. I was not beaten so much nor were my earnings stolen away from me. Work was hard, but, there was plenty to eat. Four years sped in this occupation. I left it when fortune left the owner and we became beggars together. For more than a couple of years I drifted about, doing odd jobs, sometimes mending roads, sometimes lending myself as a gardener, but never getting a job that would keep me employed for long. I lived precariously often starving, but sometimes gorging, sleeping on the pavements like thousands of my castaway brethren, unheeded by opulence and forgotten by God.

The next thing that I became was a railway porter. It made me rough and hardbitten. I became strong in muscle and learnt to shout and swear louder than the rest. I would not cringe to the stationmaster as most of my comrades did. I ran wild with

the surging spirit of manhood. One day, the stationmaster, who treated us like vermin, hurled filthy abuse at me. In a mad moment I struck him. It cost me my work ; it landed me in jail and that was a brand on my face. In vain I hunted for work after release. 'Criminal' was the word they flung at me. The worm, trampled upon, turned and bit—it was criminal. At last a fuel-merchant employed me to chop wood. He took me because I was starving and would work for anything he gave. He worked his men to the bone. I toiled till I felt I would drop and yet the miser grumbled about employing criminals.

It was at this time I married. The girl was from the village. Her father had fallen into the hands of a money-lender, forfeited his patch of land and had come to town for work. The poor girl never throve. She was devoted to me. But, I could see from her eyes that she pined for the green corn fields and the tinkle of the cow-bells. She caught consumption, and I had not the money to bestow the care that she needed. I went to the doctors, and they said she must be given plenty of milk, cod-liver oil and fruits. It was mockery. She joined my mother in the great beyond. The child she bore me lived for a little time more and then followed its mother. My hut was empty. I am glad of it.' Again Somu laughed that low mirthless laugh.

'From that time I went about my work like an automaton,' he continued. 'I existed, but I did not live. But fate had not finished its catsplay with me. One day while several of us were chopping wood, a great jagged splinter flew into my eye and I was disabled. I lay helpless in hospital enduring the humiliation that is there meted out to the poor and came out with this glass eye. Again I wandered seeking a means of sustenance and got the work that I am now doing. It is hard in the hot summer months. The road scorches my feet and my one eye burns, but that's better than being hungry and naked. I drink after the weary day's work. It helps me at least for a moment to forget all—those dark years that have slipped into time and the sordid ones that are yet to come before I go to the void from whence I came.'

The rain had subsided into a thin drizzle. Somu rose. 'Baba, it is all kismet' he said tapping his forehead. Somebody hailed from a neighbouring house. Somu slouched out and harnessed himself to his vehicle. I listened to the quick patter of his feet as he sped into the night.

A year later, I was strolling to the quayside to watch the cranes working and to see the red glory of the sunset. I heard the clatter of wheels behind me and stepping aside saw two men drawing a cart—the one used by the municipality to carry away unclaimed corpses to the sea. The cloth covering the face had slipped away from the prone figure inside. It was Somu.

EUTHANASIA

The Cup of Life is drained, the bowl flung down,
The flickering lamps sink low, the music dies ;
The Night of Age creeps on, old memories frown ;
Then come, depart, ere Life's last rapture flies.

Oh linger not where Joy no longer lives
Clutch not with palsied hand Life's hollowed husk
But quaff instead that draught Death's sere hand gives
Laugh once again ! then slumber in the Dusk !

PHILAE

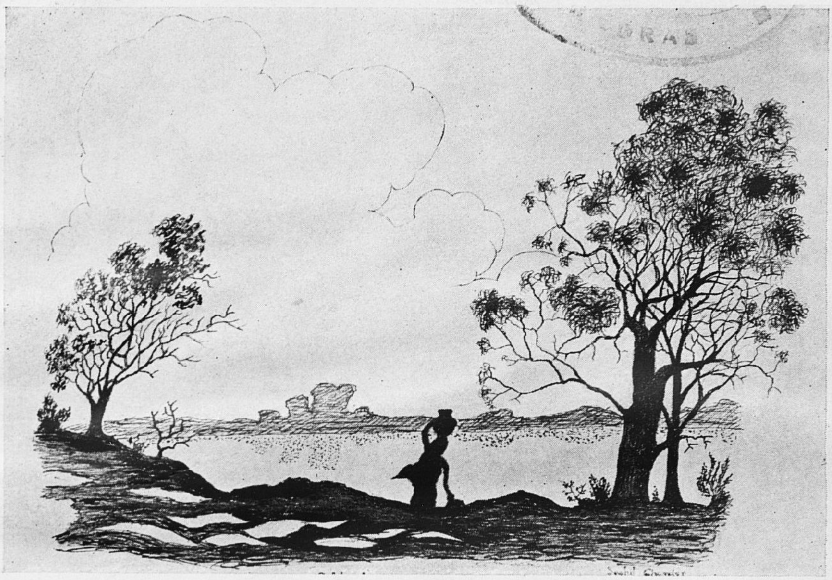
(The ancient Egyptian temples on the island of Philae in the Nile are periodically submerged by the rise of the level of the river caused by the building of the Assuan Dam.)

Philae, isle of antique glory,
Stand thy sacred pylons still
Time's huge-victors aged and hoary,
Tributes to old Egypt's skill.

Now the waves of Nile lap o'er thee
Nile whom thou hast known so long
Past bland Ammon fish glide freely
Where bowed kings in days long gone.

Now, O Philae, call to Isis !
Call, O altars, portals wide
Goddess aid ! or it suffices
Sinks thy fane beneath the tide.

By J. F. Stirling, *Class II, Gr. iii.*



SOLITUDE

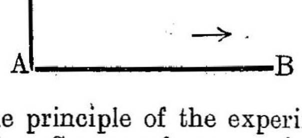
HOMEWARD BOUND

[*Sushil Chander—Hons. 3, Br. vii*

RELATIVITY

By S. H. Mony Iyer, *Hons. III, Br. i.*

The theory of Relativity originated out of an elaborate and, apparently, final attempt to find the absolute velocity of the earth. We all know, or at least, we are taught to think, that the earth moves round the sun in an almost circular orbit with a constant speed of about 30 kilometres per second. The velocity of the earth is constantly changing as the direction of its motion changes continually. This velocity is measured with reference to the sun. Scientists wanted to find out the 'real' or 'absolute' velocity of the earth, that is the velocity of the earth with respect to a hypothetical medium ether, which was supposed to be fixed. The first attempt to find out experimentally the absolute velocity of the earth, was carried out by the two American Scientists Michaelson and Morley.



The principle of the experiment is simple. Suppose from a point *A* on the earth, two rays of light (travelling in the medium ether) are sent out at the same instant along the directions *AB*, *AC* at right angles to each other (*B* and *C* are points on the earth equidistant from *A* and *BAC* is in the horizontal plane) and are reflected back to *A* by means of mirrors kept at *B* and *C*. Then, if the earth's velocity at the time of the experiment is along the direction *AB* (as the observatory moves together with the earth) there will be a current of ether of equal velocity (as that of the earth) in the opposite direction namely *BA*. This ether current will affect the velocity of the ray of light sent from *A* along *AB* but it does not equally affect the ray sent along *AC*. In fact, the ether current retards the motion of the ray along *AB* during its forward journey (from *A* to *B*) and accelerates the motion of the ray during its return journey (from *B* to *A*). The result of this is that the ray travelling from *A* to *B* and back will take a longer time than the ray traversing the distance *AC* and back.

The above principle was utilized in Michaelson-Morley experiment. They set up two rigid rods *AB*, *AC* of equal length at right angles to each other. Two rays of light were despatched from *A* at the same instant along *AB* and *AC* and they were reflected back to *A* by mirrors kept at *B* and *C*. The rays after reflection were made to impinge on a sensitive surface placed at *A*. The times of arrival were noted. From the difference in times of arrival of the two rays was to be calculated the velocity of the earth. The instruments were constructed so accurately that it was supposed they would be able to measure the exact speed and direction of the earth's motion at the particular moment.

The result of M.-M. experiment was a dead-heat. The rays after reflection impinged at A at exactly the same moment. The scientists thought that probably the velocity of the earth at that moment was along the bisector of $\angle BAC$ in which case, the experiment would have failed. So they repeated the experiment after some months where the direction of the earth's motion should have been different from the original direction. But again a dead-heat. Then they thought that the rods AB, AC might be of unequal length. So they interchanged the rigid rods so as to magnify the error in the experiment if there was any. But again the experimenters met with failure. Scientists were called upon to explain this singular phenomenon.

The first scientific explanation of the fallacy was put forward by Fitzgerald. He assumed that the rods AB and AC were of unequal length. But it was not owing to any fault in measurement but because of a law that when a body is transported from a transverse position to a longitudinal position with respect to another current it contracted in the longitudinal direction. Strange, as it may seem, Fitzgerald's hypothesis was able to explain satisfactorily the apparent fallacy in M.-M. experiment. Fitzgerald's principle is quite revolutionary to our common ideas. It implies that turning a footrule from one direction to another alters the length of the rule. But this change in length cannot be ascertained by any experiment as all measuring apparatus contract in the same manner as the footrule.

In 1905, Professor Einstein gave an alternative solution of the curious phenomenon in M.-M. experiment. His theory was based on two hypotheses, namely (1) The velocity of propogation of a wave is independent of the velocity of the source from which the wave is generated. (2) The velocity of no body with respect to ether can be determined by any experiment. These hypotheses, though they cannot be proved have been verified. They are consistent with the laws of electromagnetism which had been discovered earlier.

If we take for granted Einstein's hypotheses, the fallacy of M.-M. experiment disappears. For it is implied in the second hypothesis itself that it is not possible to find experimentally the absolute velocity of any body, that is its velocity with respect to the medium ether. As the velocity of no body can be expressed in relation to ether, the ether disappears from the field of the experimental physicist as a reference system. Thus 'absolute motion' and 'absolute velocity' lose their meaning as the body with reference to which the velocity is expressed is not known. 'Relative motion' and 'Relative velocity' thus replace the terms 'absolute motion' and 'absolute velocity'.

Assuming the hypotheses laid down by Einstein, it can be established mathematically that the units of space and time for different observers differ. For example, if an observer A be moving with a uniform velocity 'v' with respect to B, the footrule of A will differ from that of B and the difference varies with the relative velocity between them. When their relative velocity is zero the difference in the lengths of their footrules will also be zero or their footrules will be identical. Thus the difference in their measurements is caused by their relative motion. Also the time units of A will be different from those of B. If A and B be moving with a velocity of

about 140,000 miles per second, 'one foot' in *A*'s measurement will reduce to 'half a foot' in *B*'s measurement according to *B*'s observation. Also 'one second' in *A*'s measurement will become 'two seconds' in *B*'s measurements according to *B*.

Also it follows the space and time measurements which *A* and *B* attribute to an event, say at *C* will differ. Both the space and the time measurements will differ. Thus the same event at *C* will have a duration of two hours (say) according to *A* and only a duration of one hour according to *B*. But these time measurements are made after deducting all possible experimental errors. Yet the net results of *A* and *B* are different.

We are thus led to believe that space and time attributes of any event are arbitrary and vary with different observers. So measurements like length and time are not constant or reliable. It follows that the same figure may appear to be a square to an observer *A*, while it may appear a rectangle to another, *B* provided the observers *A* and *B* are in motion relative to each other.

Absolute simultaneity also disappears if we accept Einstein's theory. For suppose one observer says that two events at *A* and *B* happened at the same time. A second observer who is moving with respect to the first might equally well say that the events at *A* and *B* are separated by a definite interval of time (say two hours). This is because the space and time units of the two observers differ and therefore the space and time attributes made by them to the events at *A* and *B* also differ.

Though different observers differ as regards their measurement of space and time intervals of any event, they all agree with respect to one unit namely, the velocity of light. The velocity of light *in vacuo* calculated experimentally by all observers agree. There is also another unit called 'separation' which is the same for all observers however they be moving relative to one another. It is calculated by a formula in which the separation is neither a space unit nor a time unit. It is composed of both. It is called a 'space-time' unit. Any event has a 'space-time' attribute called its separation which is constant for all observers irrespective of their position or motion. Thus we arrive at the conclusion that space and time are fictitious. To quote Minkowsky's phrase 'From now onwards, space and time sink to the position of mere shadows. Only a sort of union of both (space-time) can claim to have a separate existence.'

Thus Einstein's task has been to combine two separate units space, time, into a single unit, 'space-time'.

THE SECOND VISION OF MIRZA

By Abdul Latif Afghani, *Class III, Gr. iv-b.*

Mirza often revisited the mountain where he had beheld his wonderful vision. Each time he went, his heart throbbed with the expectation of once more enjoying the wonders of his last experience; and each time he returned his heart was full of bitter complaints against the occurrence of too many disappointments in human life. However he believed in the truth of the saying 'Reward awaits those who persevere.'

One fine Friday afternoon, a strong desire to exchange the busy bustle of town-life for the quiet solitude of the mountains, urged Mirza away from the noisy streets of Baghdad to his lonely haunt among the rocks above. There, as usual, he sat in his quiet corner and allowed his mind to wander in the wide world of thoughts. That day more than ever, his heart was surging with deep religious feeling and his mind was full of gloomy thoughts about the sad lot of man upon the face of this earth.

Suddenly he found himself listening to a soft strain of captivating music, which he could not fail to identify with that he had heard during his first vision. His whole frame shook with a thrill of excitement when, looking in the direction from which the music came, he saw the same mysterious musician beckoning to him to come over to where he stood. Mirza rose and hesitatingly began to approach the genius, and no sooner was he within a few paces of him than his knees involuntarily bent under him and his head bowed with humility before the imposing personality of that mysterious being. However the kind smile and the encouraging words with which the genius accosted him, dispersed much of his awe and nervousness.

As on the former occasion, the genius led Mirza to the highest pinnacle of the mountain, and from there with a sweep of his hand, bade him look below. Mirza obeyed and in a moment was gazing with fixed eyes at the wonderful spectacle that presented itself before him. Motionless though he stood, his mind was working hard to find a meaning for the strange scene below him—but the harder he tried the more puzzling it grew. It was with great relief that he heard the genius asking him 'What dost thou see Mirza?' 'I see' replied he, 'a vast crowd that seems to surge and boil with incessant motion, before a huge circular wall that encloses what appears to be a garden.' 'What more?' enquired the genius when Mirza stopped, obviously puzzled at the strange sight. 'Well—I see also several staircases leading to narrow gateways in the wall and round these the crowd seems to be densest.' 'Watch one of these carefully' interrupted the genius.

Mirza turned his gaze to the nearest entrance and watched the ceaseless struggle there. Everyone was endeavouring desperately to reach the gateway and enter into the garden. Mirza was horrified to observe the selfishness with which each one pushed and heaved, kicked and boxed, snatched and grabbed to approach the entrance—with the result that few

ever climbed the steps and fewer still managed to enter, because passage was rendered difficult not only by the confused struggle of the people outside, but also by the stout resistance offered by those already inside, who did all in their power to prevent any of the outsiders from entering into the garden. Looking more intently at the crowd, Mirza observed many unfortunate beings trampled underfoot by the maddened mob of struggling men. Some of these were kicked about like lifeless corpses, but there were others—miserable creatures, all torn and tattered, maimed and suffering—who still had a spark of life in them and were with uplifted hands begging for help. Some looked at them with pity; a few tried to help them; while others carelessly trod over them quite deaf to their cries and blind to their misery. Mirza, no longer able to look at a struggle so mean and selfish and a sight so pitiful and horrifying, turned his face towards the genius and with great earnestness asked 'But what is in the garden that could justify such a desperate struggle?' 'You shall see' said the genius. He waved his hand and the scene at his command changed. Mirza, his eyes wide open with wonder, was soon gazing into a flowery and fruitful garden which seemed to abound with comforts of all kinds. The genius allowed Mirza to gaze for sometime and then he asked 'What dost thou see, Mirza?' 'I see,' replied he, 'many things which are exactly the contraries to my expectations. I expected to find the lot of the people here a delightful contrast to that of the mob outside, but on the contrary I see, here also, nothing but confusion and discontent. Moreover I discover that here too there are several small enclosures, round which, I see a struggle which can rival, at least in selfishness that carried on outside. But what is all this struggle about? Pray tell me what does all this mean?

'Well,' began the genius 'that vast crowd of struggling men you saw outside are called the "Masses" and this is the "Garden of Wealth". As you have seen every member of the "Masses" endeavours to enter into the garden of wealth, quite regardless of the harmful consequences of his selfish struggle. The victims of such a struggle, as one might expect, are many; these are the feeble and the foolish trampled under foot by the strong and the sly. Here in the gardens, as you see, a similar struggle is carried on round those enclosures which are called "Gardens of Luxury" and which are the goal of all those who are in the Garden of Wealth. Even these are not abodes of peace and happiness, but in each one of them also a struggle is carried on round a smaller but grander garden. Would you not like to have a peep inside one of the innermost of these gardens?'

'I would love to' replied Mirza.

Once more the genius waved his hand and Mirza felt as if he was looking through binoculars at the centre of one of those gardens of Luxury. 'Ah what a gorgeous spectacle!' he exclaimed, his eyes gleaming with wonder and admiration. But suddenly the expression on his face changed from one of joyous wonder into one of puzzled surprise. 'Why is that man lying like an intoxicated glutton, amidst scenes so delightful and enlivening; and what are those horrible looking birds that come down and peck him one by one?' 'Ah that is Millionaire Sensual, who is reduced to that pitiful state by those cursed birds that inhabit this otherwise heavenly

spot. That big black bird that comes down first is called "Excess" and some of the others that follow are called "Disease" "Pain" and "Boredom".'

Mirza after a long gaze, turned away his eyes with disgust to another part of the garden, where he observed another man, who would make a good contrast to the former. He was an active, emaciated and wrinkled old fellow—a mere skeleton of a man—who was also tortured by a host of birds. 'And who may that be' inquired Mirza. 'That is Millionaire Careworn and that big bird that sweeps down upon him every now and then is known as "Business" and the others that follow its lead are "Worry", "Anxiety", and many others of that type.' Mirza did not find any pleasure in watching such a wretched being, tortured by those ugly birds.

Throwing his glance in another direction, he saw a third person busily occupied about some sort of a machine. After having made his own observations, he turned to the genius for further information. The genius began by telling him that there was another type of birds, gentle and beautiful, in whose presence those other fierce and ugly ones could never remain. These were known as "Amusement", "Pleasure", and "Excitement". And the man you see before you,' he continued, 'is Milloinaire Carefree occupied as usual in his search for these birds. He does most fantastic things, in the attempt to catch them. He constructs elaborate and beautiful parks, with lakes of pure milk, fountains of grape juice and huge towers of sweet cakes—all this to tempt down those elusive birds' .... 'But why such stupid waste?' interrupted Mirza, 'lakes of pure milk, fountains of grape juice and towers of sweet cakes!' 'I have told you that he does most fantastic and meaningless things. Moreover, he can easily afford to do so. The garden is brimful with all things, and since he cannot consume all, he uses, or rather misuses, them to satisfy his human tendencies for extravagance and luxurious waste. At other times he occupies himself in chasing (often in vain) these birds in his flying machines, one of which you see there before him. One thing remarkable about these machines is that they are fed by a peculiar fuel curiously called "Life blood of the Poor" of which large quantities are consumed in these flights after those birds "Amusements", "Pleasure", and "Excitement".

A long interval followed which was at last broken by Mirza with the remark 'It seems to me incredibly foolish that the crowd outside you call the "Masses" should thus not only waste its energy but also make itself miserable by a struggle so selfish and so disorderly. It would be by far wiser, if they had all united in a single organized body to batter down these walls that stand in their way to happiness. It is quite clear that with the disappearance of all these separating barriers—within which a few people waste in a day what would serve for years to bring ease and comforts to thousands of people outside—there would come into existence a new order of things, a single abode of peace and happiness devoid of all the stings of Want and all the evils of Excess; an abode where the people would struggle not *against* each other, but *for* and *with* each other, and where *everyone's* energy would be used to make him and all his fellow beings happier and more comfortable.'

'I quite agree with you, Mirza,' remarked the genius 'and so will any other who looks at it all, like us from a detached point of view. There are a few, both among the masses and within the gardens, who have realized the evils of these walls, but their voices are drowned in the horrible din of this selfish struggle, which makes beasts out of men and reduces intellectual beings into irrational creatures. All that such people can do is to keep on shouting out their disapproval of these barriers, and at the same time continue their struggle, because in this case the best way to teach is not by example. The solution does not lie in one or two conscientious persons throwing themselves from the garden of Wealth into the mob outside, nor does it lie in the efforts of three or four soft-hearted persons trying to send ease and comforts over the walls in those " Divinely beautiful " flying chariots called " Charity " which fall among the crowd outside like drops of water into a huge devouring fire . . . No! It lies in the *complete destruction* of these separating barriers, that are not only the cause of this pitiful waste of energy, but is indeed responsible for almost all the suffering to which everyone is subject both in the gardens and also outside.' Mirza assented silently and turned his face to gaze long and fixedly at struggling masses of men below. When he next turned round to speak to the genius, he was astonished to find that he was not there—he had disappeared. Instinctively, he looked down once more, only to discover that all those wonderful things which had puzzled his mind for the last few hours, had also melted away like their creator, and in their place his eyes beheld the customary sight of the flat plain that spread like a coloured carpet below him. Having learnt through his last experience, that waiting would serve no purpose, he began to descend homewards slowly and thoughtfully.

TO THE FLAME OF THE FOREST

By L. M. Turner, *Hons. III, Br. vii.*

Herald of summer, of the burning days
When distant hill-sides shimmer in the heat
And gold in waves of fire the sun's rays beat
On the aisled forest where the warm wind plays.

Lo ! all trees are dying, alone you greet,
In flame-like blooms with petals at your feet,
Your destroyer as he strides the dead ways
Till he sinks at last where sky and earth meet.

Symbolic flowers ! May I meet death like thee
Light of heart—undaunted by his fears
Knowing his fell durance but short to be ;
For there will come a time when new life appears
Better than that the Monsoon brings to thee
When from the south-west his black hulls he steers.

THE TRAGEDY OF UNEMPLOYMENT

By R. Prabhakar, *Hons. V, Br. iii.*

This is not an analysis of the economics of unemployment. Neatly classified causes and remedies for this problem can be found in any good text-book of economics. Rather this is an attempt to understand the hearts and minds of India's unemployed thousands.

Hobbes cynically described sympathy as the distress we feel at the thought that the same sufferings that we see other people enduring might befall us some day. Perhaps our sympathy for the unemployed is of this nature. For we know perfectly well that most of us must join their ranks after leaving the sheltered walls of the College.

Every year, our schools and universities release into the country thousands of educated young men, thenceforth to roam about in search of jobs. During their futile quest for employment they are overcome with the crushing feeling that society does not want them. And if there is sufficient spirit left in them, there grows up in their hearts a burning resentment against a social order which has no place for them. Revolutionary doctrines come to have a new appeal. They are not greatly bothered about the intellectual validity of these theories. It is sufficient if they hold out hopes of brave new worlds where job-hunting, poverty, and misery, will be things of the past. And if they accept these doctrines, their beliefs will be shot through with a resentment complex. Hatred for those whom they consider responsible for the present evils will dominate them. Does this not explain why hatred of exploiters—foreign or Indian—rather than real love and sympathy for the masses animates the growing body of Socialists in India? Does this not explain why unemployed youth formed the spear-head of the Nazi movement in Germany—supplying it with the fanaticism and ruthlessness which characterizes it? If the misery and resentment which unemployment creates explains all this, then surely it is an urgent and vital problem. If it is not solved quickly and satisfactorily, we must prepare for all the horrors of a violent revolution. And what will emerge after such a revolution, none can foresee.

And what of those who do finally find employment? Most often they get the job for which by training and temperament they are least suited. So we find young men trained in mathematics, or literature, or philosophy, doing clerical work which could be done as well or perhaps better by anyone with a minimum of education and perhaps with a head for figures and a faculty for 'bull-work'. It is needless to describe the stultification of personality that results. After a few years of such work, all their youthful buoyancy is crushed. Years of job-hunting followed by such a drab existence and continual submission to 'bosses' quite often develops in them a servility which is in tragic contrast with their original independence and self-respect.

Considering how hard they have to struggle for jobs, is it surprising that they come to regard employment as a

means of livelihood merely, rather than as a means of serving the community? How many of our 'public servants' realize that they are in truth servants of the public, and that they are there not to be ministered unto but to minister?

Certainly the unemployed have an abundance of self-appointed guides, philosophers and friends, ready to offer them advice entirely free of cost. Some of these raise the absurd cry 'Back to the land'. Others, among them Gandhiji himself, say 'Boycott higher education'. Others offer loftier advice—'Don't hanker for jobs. Serve the villagers'. Let us deal with each of these 'solutions' in turn.

It is absurd to talk of the educated unemployed settling down to agriculture. Not that agriculture is beneath their dignity (as some foolishly think) or even unsuited to their training. Educated young men can settle down as well-to-do farmers in their villages and be happier than they would be in clerical jobs. But the trouble is that the vast majority of them cannot settle down so comfortably as all that. Economists are dinning into our ears that the main cause for poverty in India is the enormous pressure on the land. And as if there are not more than enough on the land already, the cry has gone forth that the whole problem of educated unemployment would be solved if young men quietly went back to the villages.

Then there is the superficial view that there has been too much of education. Seeing the flood of educated young men released into the country every year, some have come to think that this 'mania' for education should go, and then the problem of educated unemployment would disappear. What foolish short-sightedness! Can there be too much education? To cut down education to solve unemployment savours of a return to barbarism. Would we go without food to cut down our personal expenses? The Chinese Generalassimo, Chiang-Kai-Shek, realizing the vital importance of education for national progress, dissuades students from going to the front in the present conflict with Japan. When the war is over, he asks, who are to be the builders of the nation if not educated youth? If they are sacrificed in the war, what of China tomorrow? Perhaps Gandhiji needs to learn this truth from the great Chinese leader.

And then we are asked to undertake rural reconstruction. Medically qualified men, for example, are asked to go to the villages and render free medical service. Anyone who knows India realizes the need for a large-scale drive for rural reconstruction—to liquidate illiteracy, to revive village industries, to give instruction in better agricultural methods, to teach peasants to organize and co-operate and to serve them in many other ways. But those who urge young men to undertake rural reconstruction forget one all-important factor. These young men are but human and they have the right to live. And how are they to obtain their livelihood while they are engaged in this altogether praiseworthy task of village uplift? Such material considerations are presumably beneath the notice of the great ones who offer us advice. Perhaps they would ask us to depend on voluntary contributions. The Bombay Students' Federation launched on a programme of village uplift and realized that its most vocal advocates were least willing to help them when it came to a matter of hard cash.

Others say that industrialisation is the only solution to this burning

problem of unemployment. Such is the consensus of opinion among economists. This is true enough. Despite Gandhian economics, industrialisation is bound to come. World economic forces will bring it about whether we want it or not. Any attempt to set the clock back—to make village industries the *permanent* economy of India—would be futile. What we rather need to remember and emphasize is that to allow industries to grow up haphazard, without any kind of planning or regulation, would not improve matters. For we would then be inviting all the accompaniments of *laissez-faire* capitalism—over-production and under-consumption, periodical crises and chronic unemployment. Unplanned industrialisation in India would lead to greater evils than now exist. From the frying-pan we would leap into the fire. At the time of Hitler's advent, there were thousands of unemployed educated young men—many of them with technical qualifications—in a country which was industrialised to the nth degree. If there is no adequate planning in the industrialisation of our country, we would have to face such a situation some day.

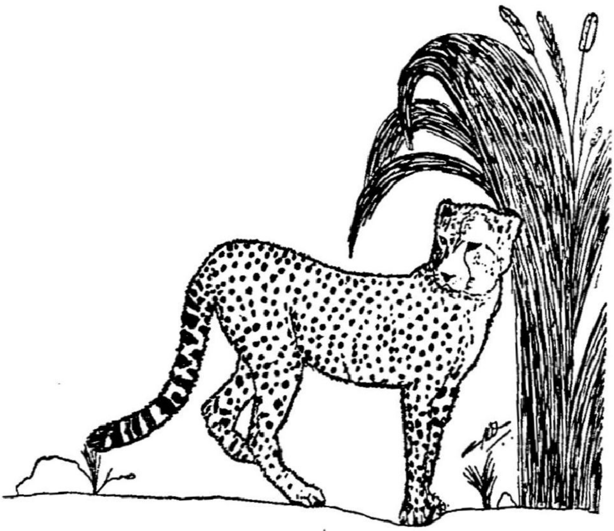
Not industries only, but education also has to be planned. The standard of school education should be raised and technical courses included, so as to make a school course a sufficient qualification for any of the usual clerical or technical vocations. University education—whether of the liberal or the highly technical type—should be reserved for a very limited number—for those with a special aptitude and inclination for such higher studies. Then only would universities serve their purpose as centres of culture and research. When education is thus planned and employment assured for all suitably qualified, then we could value education as an end in itself, and as equipping us, not for a grim struggle, but for the whole-hearted service of society.

Such plans as these, be it admitted, cannot be realized overnight. What of those thousands who now stand and wait—living a drab and care-worn existence? What comfort would it be to them if they were told to wait till India is industrialised by and by? It would be cold comfort perhaps. But men have internal resources, and knowledge is strength. If they understood the true causes of their plight, they would perhaps not allow their spirits to be embittered or crushed. But nothing could be more cruel than to torture them by offering quack remedies.

THE HUNTING-LEOPARD

By S. Krupananda Reddi, *Hons. V, Br-vii.*

The hunting-leopard or the cheetah, as it is more commonly known, belongs to the great family of cats which counts among other members such noble and fierce beasts as the lion, the tiger, the leopard, the puma, the jaguar and the black panther. Before we say anything of the cheetah it is essential that we should distinguish it from its near cousin, the leopard. Many people are in the habit of confusing one with the other chiefly because of the very misleading term 'hunting-leopard', which naturally speaking ought to have been 'hunting-cheetah'. The result is that people get the impression that 'leopard' and 'cheetah' are only different names for one and the same species and that the hunting-leopard is a leopard which has been caught and trained for the chase. Far from it, the leopard and the cheetah are two distinct species, each marked with its own peculiar characteristics, while it is the cheetah which is trained to hunt and in due time comes to be known as a hunting-leopard.



The word 'cheetah' is derived from Hindustani 'chītā' itself derived from original Sanskrit 'chitraka' which means 'having a speckled body'. It is about the same size as the leopard but stands higher at the shoulders on account of its longer legs. The colouration is similar to the leopard's, that is, it is of a yellowish-fawn ground-tint, but the *ocelli* or spots are different, being smaller, distinct by themselves, and closely set together. The *ocelli* are distributed more evenly on the body of the cheetah than on the leopard, except on the tail which is marked at regular intervals by thick black stripes. On the leopard the markings are not so even while they

tend to form rings and rosettes and are never separate and distinct by themselves. The markings are important when one remembers that one can most safely distinguish between a leopard and a cheetah by taking the spots into consideration. On the whole the cheetah is more canine than feline in its look, build and temper, and especially with regard to its large and muscular paws filled with dog-like claws which, though sharp, are only partially retractile. In fact the cheetah greatly resembles a big spotted greyhound. It can also be easily tamed to acquire the mild and docile disposition of a pet dog. One point, very much in favour of the cheetah, is that it is never a man-eater nor has it ever been known to be one, while the leopard, driven by hunger and circumstance, can easily force itself to acquire this deadly reputation. In its native haunts the cheetah contents itself with antelope or deer and at times an occasional sheep or goat, but never a man. However, when it does encroach upon human habitations, especially a village, but only to carry away an unwary sheep or goat, it is given short-shrift and treated by the villagers as any other fierce and deadly animal.

The cheetah is to be found in the hot open plains of Africa, in the reed-covered swamps and jungles of the Euphrates Basin in Iraq, in the forests of Persia, and in the dense primeval jungles of Kathiawar, Gwalior, and Oudh in India. But it is only in Persia and India that its natural swiftness of foot has been turned to account by man. History records that as far back as 865 B.C. Hushing, King of Persia, maintained extensive cheetah-kennels for purposes of the royal chase, and ever since his time such kennels have formed a part of the permanent establishment of numerous Persian and especially of Indian princes. Even at the present day there are many Indian princes who maintain cheetah kennels for the chase very much as their ancestors did. In India hunting with leopards has become so extensive a sport that many princes have been forced to import cheetahs from Africa in order to fill their kennels.

Among the several Indian princes who have taken to this sport special mention must be made of His Highness the Maharajah of Kolhapur whose cheetah-kennels I had the unique privilege of seeing a few years ago. I went to Kolhapur and reached it late in the evening. The next day while I went about sight-seeing in the city I was amazed at the sight of full grown cheetahs led by chains on their morning rounds along the public thoroughfares, by attendants who were armed with nothing more than small short sticks safely tucked away by their sides. More met me as I proceeded further and some I found were led blindfolded and muzzled. I accounted for these with my own explanation that they were still in the process of training. In their cases, the attendants leading them were armed with long heavy sticks held ready in their hands. But in one case I saw a pair of cheetahs, unmuzzled and without any blindfolding, led by a single keeper armed with only a small thin whip which was used more to urge the animal forward than anything else. The sight reminded me of a couple of police dogs led on their morning rounds near my home at Egmore. Naturally I gathered that this particular pair must have been fully tamed and trained and ready for the chase and that the different sights which

met me were different phases in training, a process which usually lasts between six and seven months.

In the evening I made careful enquiries and secured information as to the exact whereabouts of the cheetah-kennels and was told to go to a 'Zoo', maintained at His Highness' own expense, near his palace. This Zoo consisted of a few birds and monkeys, sheep and goats, and the cheetahs. The cheetahs were housed in two rooms measuring roughly thirty feet by sixteen. Eight ordinary camp-cots were arranged in dormitory fashion with intervals of a foot along the length of each room on either side, very much like the beds in a hospital ward. This made a total of sixteen camp-cots in each of the rooms. Each cot was occupied by a full grown cheetah tied up by a chain attached to an iron ring plugged firmly in the cement wall. In all there were thirty-two cheetahs provided with these camp-cots in both the rooms. The cheetahs were very tame and quite harmless and at the invitation of the smiling keepers who saw with amusement the look of fear in my eyes, I gathered myself together, walked towards the cheetahs and was surprised to find that they would not even so much as take notice of me. I was immediately assured and my fears being allayed I merely had to touch them lightly to make them sit up and take some notice of me after all. Just then an attendant sauntered across the room towards me and after patting the cheetah near me, on the head, raised it up from its reclining posture and pulled harshly at its tail two or three times. I was frightened at the action of the apparently reckless keeper and was convinced that he was only courting serious trouble. But, instead, the cheetah answered by purring like a huge cat and gently rubbing its face to and fro against the man's breast. This was taming indeed, I thought to myself. After this incident I was completely at my ease and walked up boldly to everyone of the cheetahs observing them carefully at close quarters. Some of them even bore names, one being named Lakshmikumari and another Krishnakumari.

The animals are looked after with great care. They are groomed regularly, their coats are brushed and kept free from fleas, lice, and other parasites, and their claws are manicured. The last operation is absolutely necessary, for the cheetah's claws, being only partially retractile are apt to become blunt by constant rubbing on the floor and in a hunt sharp claws are an indispensable adjunct to the cheetah's paws. They are fed twice a day. Their food usually consists of raw chumps of meat and at times milk, bread, and warm blood; while water is supplied to them at specified intervals in huge wooden ladles. The cheetahs are also regularly exercised everyday by being taken for a walk, through the main thoroughfares of the city, every morning and evening, and this serves to keep their health in perfect condition.

As regards the process adopted in the training of cheetahs for the hunt, it is quite simple but very protracted, sometimes stretching over a period of nine to ten months. But usually the process is completed within six months at the end of which time the cheetah is transformed into a full-fledged hunting leopard, ready for the chase. According to a keeper, the cheetahs are captured fully grown and kept in a room the occupants of which keep up a continual chatter so that in due time the cheetahs might

come to lose that fear of the human voice which is so common to most wild animals. It is only after they have been sufficiently trained to fear and respect man and to respond to his call or whistle that the cheetahs are taken to the field and trained to hunt game. As soon as they have been sufficiently tamed they are taken to the field on specified days in a week, and trained to hunt. They are carried to the field chained and hoodwinked. At the field they are unleashed and taught to creep up stealthily towards their prey (in this instance a dead animal suspended from an overhanging branch), and to hold it firmly till the keepers can arrive. This is repeated again and again until the cheetahs have become fully trained.

When an Indian prince decides to have a coursing meet the kennels become a centre of activity. The cheetahs are groomed and got ready, chains are polished, draperies are taken out and dusted and bullock-carts are harnessed ready to convey the cheetahs to the field. The cheetahs are always carried to the field in carts, hoodwinked and chained at the neck and loins and held down in a sitting posture. Each cheetah has its own set of attendants ready to attend to its needs. On special occasions both cheetah and attendants are clothed in gorgeous draperies, the carts are gaily decorated and the bulls drawing them are arrayed in magnificent trappings.

When the party comes to a likely spot they halt their carts and wait in deadly silence for antelopes, deer or any other game. As soon as a herd of antelopes or deer is sighted, the hood is removed from the cheetah's head and it is allowed to take stock of its surroundings. Then it is unleashed and allowed to go after its prey. The cheetah, however, does not immediately rush upon the animal, but after espying the creature lurks up to the quarry stealthily but swiftly taking advantage of every possible cover during its advance. Then with a few swift and sudden bounds it springs upon the neck of the animal and mauls it. It holds its prey biting and strangling it until one of the party rushes up on a swift horse and despatches the game. Then a vein is cut in the throat of the dead animal and the cheetah rewarded with a bowl full of warm rich blood. Sometimes, however, if the victim proves too swift for the cheetah it gives up the chase after following its prey for a few hundred yards and returns disappointed and breathless at the call of his master, for its powers of endurance are not very great. The hunt over, the cheetah is returned to the kennels, there to be groomed, massaged and prepared for the next meet.

FIRST-NIGHTS AT TAMBARAM

By the Pale-mouthed Prophet

The *creme-de-la-creme* of the Intelligentsia of South India gathered here at Tambaram have in a world, unconscious of this stupendous miracle performed in its midst, evolved, with sweat and toil and pain (whose sweat and toil and pain will be shown later), a new Art-Form. An Art-Form, dear reader, which rivals, nay surpasses, the Ballet-Russe for rhythmical strength, the Ballet-Joos for supple adaptability, the bally Jews for heroic perseverance, the sculptures of Jacob Epstein for dynamic brutal strength, the Surrealists for bizarre grossness and the Zoo for noises-off.

It is young, yet it contains phylogenitically, the accumulated wisdom and bitter experience of countless generations of students who have sat through concerts and found them pretty grim.

It is not in the performers but in the seething, bubbling, bourgeoning life of the audience that the real enjoyment, the actual entertainment, resides. With all the clear ardour and ruthlessness of youth, with Bolshevik thoroughness, the performer as a class is swept away into the Limbo of Unmentionable Things. The expropriator is expropriated and the proletariat at last comes into its own.

The performers provide the merest *raison d'etre*, the frailest of excuses, for these vital, creative communal gatherings. They can be dispensed with ; all that is really necessary is that 'O my Darling, O my Darling, O my Darling, O my Darling, O my Darling Clementine ! ' should be played continuously, which is enough to promote deep, belly-shaking guffaws, 'broad as a thousand beeves at pasture ', warm waves of jollity, washing and lapping at the stifled heart of the demos.

The primæval, instinctive gregariousness displayed by Tambaram audiences is the same spirit that drove the early man into communal gatherings and thus produced the wondrous gift of speech ; the same spirit that drove the hardy Northmen into their meadhalls where, to the songs of their scops the rich legacy of European Ballads was developed and where their limbs, swinging to the rhythm of the song, produced the multitudinous forms of folk-dances ; the same spirit, if Durkeheim be true, that produced from such communal gatherings the primary *a priori* conceptions of Time and Space (what a smack in the eye for Kant !). And these gatherings at our concerts, the only outlet for starved souls, might well result in as momentous creations. For who has not noticed timid students, at all other times dumb, giving tongue when put into a concert audience, producing musical *vers-libre*,—melodic howls and chants, welling up from the deepest springs of their being and some flinging their twitching limbs about like dervishes, or electrocuted frogs? This new Art-Form, palpitating with life, is the product of a people's soul. It renders articulate all the dumb yearnings of suppressed students, it represents their one crowded hour when soul and body can stretch and expand in a congenial atmosphere and they feel themselves

to be men. It is this stretching-out to a fuller life by the audience that gives it a pathos which brings tears to the eyes of the spectators, among whom may be numbered the performers. Great and beneficial are the sociological effects of the 'audience-concert'. It provides a magnificent safety-valve for all suppressed superiority-complexes. It should be welcomed and encouraged by the Staff of the College, for the energy that might be pounded out on the lecture-room galleries is now dissipated harmlessly on the lawns. It makes for fuller personalities. How many budding Gandhis and Nehrus might not find themselves by lusty yells of 'Get off'; how many Vallathols by particularly daring capers; how many Kalidasas by extempore singing and declaiming? *Gnothi Seauton* advised the Delphic oracle and here, flowers, otherwise doomed to blush unseen, flourish and know themselves at last.

The audience-concert is not yet fully developed and self-dependent; some performers on the stage are still necessary. It is because of this immature youthfulness that scenes of conflict between audience and performer, worthy of the Roman amphitheatre, are witnessed; these are just growing-pains. Knocking at the door of the future, impatient of any curb to their spontaneous creativeness, the audience treats the performer with an astringent, concentrated brutality; it sweeps up and sadistically tortures these miserable relics of the old order, just as an exercise of its new-found powers. Soon it will tire of this feeble sport, and, coming into its own, will render the individual entertainer finally unnecessary. This Art-Form will then enter into its final stage when the audience, truly democratic, will provide entertainment *of* the people, *for* the people, *by* the people, without any individuals to stand between. Looking into the future we expect to see the audience splitting into two parts like the two parts of a binary star, each balancing the other in beautiful harmony, and being in turn entertainer and entertained. The dynamic force, now in unstable equilibrium, will then find its point of rest in a voluntarily divided audience. What a huge development on the present paltry system where the people are pitted against one man! From that Dialectic of Opposites will proceed a higher Synthesis that would have delighted the heart of Hegel and even of Karl Marx.

* * * *

Let us, in imagination, witness a performance to see, in actuality, those forces at work that are going to remould The Concert. Putting a final tap to our toppers and 'tails'—or, rather, hitching up our dhoties and angavastrams,—we enter the portals of St. Hebiayurs and see facing us, seated on the grass in serried ranks, their faces stretching back into the darkness, the Audience, and across its surface moves strange ripplings and the faces are illuminated by an inner, creative glow. They are tremendously alive. As a fitting background a magnificent pyrotechnic display is being given at the back, and the coloured streamers of booming rockets slash the purple curtain of the night. We watch enthralled. The whiteclad figures are gathered together like groups of statuary:

> 'Their airy limbs in sports they [exercise
> And on the green contend the [wrestlers prize;
> Some in heroic verse divinely sing
> Others in artful measures lead the [ring,

Some cheerful souls were feasting [on the plain,
Some did the song, and some the [choir maintain'.
—Virgil: *Aeneid*, Canto VI

The two halves of the crowd negligently face one another, with a few exceptions. Here and there a connoisseur may be seen facing the audience, smacking his lips in delicate appreciation of this new Art-Form; such are the elite, the seers, the prophets, the forerunners, who alone at present see which way the wind is blowing. The other exceptions are of a sadly different sort. Their very faces proclaim them to be callow youths, misguided enthusiasts, schizophreniacs, idealistic neurotics; and they are looking, in a strained agony, *across* the two parts of the 'audience'. It is partly the direction of their gaze and partly the suspicion that the light on the faces is not from an inner creative glow that makes us turn. We turn. We see a brightly-lit stage! a person trying to sing! another person, O heartbreaking fatuity! trying to accompany him on the piano!! Nothing, nothing would have led us remotely to suspect their vile presence—certainly not the behaviour of the 'audience'. They are unwanted. The only blot on the landscape. Stupefied at their daring we collapse on the grass and 'as through a glass darkly' our glazed and astonished eyes see the figures on the platform agonised, sweating, tortured, change with an apparent coherence. Surely, surely, they are not *daring* to *ENTERTAIN*; they are worthy of a cartoon from Bateman's pen entitled 'The men who refused to join in'. But hearing behind us the surging swell and roar of the crowd proceeding on its own way, entirely unaffected by the miming wraiths on the stage we steel our hearts. These anti-social wretches,—performers who actually perform and those who attempt to listen to them,—counter revolutionary blackguards, they *must* be liquidated. The conduct of the enthusiastic, virile mob leads us to suspect that this will soon be achieved, for even the most hardened of these social sinners, braving the storm like the captain of the schooner 'Hesperus', wilt at the concentrated hostility directed at them from the three hundred persons present. The piano and the *veena* cease to tinkle, the singers desist from their ragas and arias. Exhausted they cease, they fall, they repose. The last members of the dissolving crowd, with unexpected magnanimity, seize them by the collars and trail the flaccid bodies behind them. Their heels drumming and bouncing on the gravel these last misguided wretches are borne off to their waiting rooms. The footlights are extinguished and darkling we sprawl contentedly on the greensward, look up at the stars and ponder on the future of this Art-Form. Yes, there, in the future lies its development, its fruition, its glorious goal. Its civilising effect? Of that also a little. But not much.

THE LAST WORD

By I. Paul Jesudasan, *Hons. V, Br. vii.*

Vasanta's father was a rich landlord but he could neither read nor write. He used to tell me when I went to his house or when he came with me in the evening to bathe in the village tank that as a small boy he dreaded the village schoolmaster and it was not so much because he had an intense dislike for any sort of mental exertion but because the teacher was such a fierce and hot-tempered man that he had the misfortune to remain illiterate. He had, however, made amends for his youthful indolence and neglect of studies by being very industrious on the fields which he had inherited as his patrimony. He knew exactly when the rains would come and how long before the falling of the first rains he should have the seeds sown in the small plot and watered so that the seedlings might be ready to be transplanted in the other fields when the rains came. In short, he knew almost everything relating to the raising of good crops and naturally he was proud of it. In spite of his knowledge he remained calm as deep water and was never ostentatious or overbearing in his manners.

Vasanta was his only daughter. Was she going to remain illiterate like him? That question didn't arise for she had already been going to the local school. Mr. Sankar—for that was the father's name—wasn't quite content to see that she had been sent to the village school. She could learn there very little beyond being able to read and write in Tamil. Vasanta had already learnt to read lessons from her primer but he, alas, only felt ashamed in the thought that he couldn't read even so much. It was not long ago that he learnt with great difficulty to write his name in documents; yet whenever he happened to sign a document he had a slight fear that others better acquainted with letters might watch him and observe his ignorance from the way he wrote his name. He wasn't satisfied with the idea of his daughter learning only Tamil, for he felt that many others in the village might rival her in the mother-tongue and that would never do. He wished that his daughter should talk and read some respectable language which other people in the village couldn't understand. That was his ambition.

Mr. Sankar wished to send Vasanta to a school where she could learn English, for wasn't that the language in which the Collector spoke when he visited the village a few months before? To hear his daughter speak like a Collector would certainly give him unbounded joy. He should then have realised his ambition. He could hardly wish anything else for Vasanta.

But he was not the man who was immediately concerned with Vasanta's education. Vasanta was directly under the protection and superintendence of Rukmini, her mother. Ruk should know what was best for Vasanta. The idea of sending Vasanta to a Boarding School might win Ruk's approval; perhaps it might not; he wasn't quite sure. Mr. Sankar had never had occasion to differ from

SOCIETIES

The Madras Christian College Union Society

The College Union started its work for this academic year with some diffidence, as the office-bearers who preceded us had managed everything very admirably; but, fortunately, this served as a sort of inspiration to the present office-bearers and with the co-operation of students and staff, there is no reason why the Union should not do better this year.

The College Union Council resolved at its first business-meeting that the Union should have a lecture under its auspices every fortnight and we have been strictly adhering to this rule. The Inaugural Address was delivered by Dr. G. S. Arundale, President, Theosophical Society, on the subject 'Education and Politics'. Mr. S. Srinivasa Ayyangar delivered the second lecture under the auspices of the College Union, the subject being 'Religion, Morals and Politics'. Both the speeches were brilliant, highly candid, critical and illuminating. The third function was an Inter-Hall debate on the following motion: 'In the opinion of this House the present leadership of the Congress has outlived its importance and should be replaced by a more radical one at once'. The resolution was moved by Mr. S. Padmanabhan and opposed by Mr. P. S. Raman and was carried by a vast majority which indubitably shows that the Christian College folk are very 'radical' and are willing to bid good-bye to the 'old guard'!!! The fourth was a music performance by Miss D. K. Pattammal, the famous South Indian artist. Though this was the first of its kind to be held under the auspices of the College Union there was a very good response from the staff and students with the result that there is a considerable surplus of money. We have suggested to the Principal and Vice-President that a portion of the money should be contributed to the King-Emperor's Anti-T. B. Fund and they have gladly accepted the suggestion.

Apart from these activities our college has been taking an active part in Inter-collegiate debates. There were two Inter-collegiate debates in the Presidency College; one restricted to the Intermediate classes, the other open to all classes: Messrs. U. N. Ramachandra Rao and K. J. Natarajan represented our college in the former debate and Messrs. Govindarajulu and S. Padmanabhan in the latter. In this connection we would like to announce that an Inter-collegiate debate under the auspices of our College Union will take place some time next term and we invite all the colleges in Madras to participate in it. Many students have asked us to hold an Inter-collegiate debate exclusively for women. The women students of our college will have to take the initiative in this matter. In this connection we would like to draw their attention to the important resolution, read out by the Secretary of the Union at the very first meeting, which runs thus: 'The Union welcomes the initiative of the college authorities in the introduction

of co-education in this institution and requests the authorities to consider the desirability of constructing a residential Hall exclusively for women by next year'. We are convinced that the success of co-education depends wholly on the active participation of the women students of the college in all the activities of the Union.

We would like to announce to the students of all the colleges in Madras that last year it was decided to have a rolling cup in the name of the Rev. Gordon Matthews. The cup shall be known as 'The Matthews Cup' and shall be given to the best debating team, consisting of two students from each college. To put this plan into execution we need the support of all colleges and we request their co-operation in this matter. Details concerning this competition will be announced through the Press later.

The constitution of the College Union Society was drafted by the office-bearers of last year and some others. But as it is, in our opinion, not quite comprehensive, we propose to get it printed in the next issue of our magazine with the necessary amendments and additions and with the formal ratification of the college authorities.

Once more we reiterate our belief that the success of the Union depends upon the co-operation given to us by students and staff and we would like to remind the staff that they too are members of the Union and that it is their 'privilege' to become bona-fide members by paying a small sum of one rupee per head.

S. Padmanabhan,
Secretary.

The Madras Christian College Christian Union

The inaugural address of the Christian Union was delivered on 21-7-'39 by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Madras. His theme was, 'What does the Christian Union stand for?' At the same meeting the President welcomed all the New Christian students. Mr. S. J. Duraisamy, the Travelling Secretary of the S. C. M. of the Madras-Vellore area also addressed the students, his theme being 'Christian Fellowship'.

The various Committees have started work very enthusiastically. The sub-committees have framed a scheme of work for this term.

A devotional service was held on 23rd July in Bishop Heber Hall. Rev. R. S. Macnicol delivered an address on 'Removing mountains'. On 9th August a discussion was led by Rev. S. W. Savarimuthu on the subject 'Does God answer our Prayers?'. The several questions raised by the students were answered by him. The second devotional service was conducted on 13th August in St. Thomas's Hall. Rev. C. W. Ranson delivered the address. His theme was 'I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly' (St. John x. 10).

The villages around our College are really fortunate in gaining the sympathy and service of the social workers of our Union. A batch of volunteers, men and women, are conducting Sunday Classes in the Methodist Mission Elementary School and Tambaram Cheri. I take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Barnes for conducting a preparatory class for the Sunday School teachers. The social service section this year hopes to extend its activities in several directions.

Study circles are run regularly in the three Halls.

Membership this year is very encouraging.

In conclusion the General Secretary requests all the members of the Union to take greater interest in the work of the Union and the co-operation of all the Christian students is cordially solicited to enable the Union to achieve its aim and purpose.

G. GNANASIGAMONY,
General Secretary.

Madras Christian College Tamil Sangam

Among the office-bearers of the above Sangam elected for the year 1939–40 are the following :

Patrons : Rev. R.S. Macnicol, M.A.; Mr. S.D. Sargunar, B.A.

President : Mr. T.K. Gopala Iyer, B.A.

Vice-President : Mr. P. Alalasundaram Chettiar, M.A.

The inaugural address of the Sangam was delivered by Mr. S. Somasundara Bharathy, M.A., B.L. under the presidentship of the student-chairman on the 18th July 1939. The subject of the lecture was 'Thirukkural'. The speech, full of humour and illustrations was inspiring and instructive.

On 3rd August a debate on the proposition 'That in the opinion of this house machinery is not in the interests of India' was held with the student-president in the chair. P. Kumarappan (*Class IV*) moved the proposition and V. Narasimhan (*P. G. 1st. Year*) opposed it. S. Sundararajan, T. G. Ranganathan and Vellaiyan spoke for the resolution. R. Nithianandham, M. Apparswamy and A. Michael supported the opposition. V. R. Chandran also spoke as a supplementary speaker. The resolution was put to vote and lost.

An ordinary meeting was held on the 9th August when Jambulingam (*Class I*) spoke on 'Temple Entry'. The student-chairman presided. The following students also took part :—A. Balraj, K. Subramanian, Sundararajan, Sundararaman and M. Apparswamy. At another meeting held on the 16th August T. S. Nataraja Pillai, B.A., B.L. delivered a lecture on 'The art of Kambar', pointing out the dramatic art and dramatic irony of Kambar.

T. G. RANGANATHAN,
Secretary.

Malayalee Association

The general assembly of the Malayalee Association met on Wednesday 5th July 1939 and elected its office-bearers.

It is for the first time in the history of the Association that we are having women students as members and I am glad that they are co-operating in every activity of the Association.

At the inaugural meeting on the 22nd July Dr. C. Achutha Menon, Ph.D. delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on 'Drama and Kathakali'. A debate was held on 7th August about co-education and the opinion of the house was that co-education was detrimental to the progress of students.

Onam was celebrated on Saturday 26th August 1939, at which function Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias presided.

K. A. VERGHESE,
Secretary.

Andhra Bhashabhi Ranjani Sanghamu

The Sangam has made a very fine and commendable start this year,

The inaugural address of our Association was delivered by the Hon'ble Mr. B. Gopala Reddi, Minister for Local Self-Government, on 2nd August with Mr. S. Govinda Rajulu Naidu, Vice-Principal, Law College, in the chair. Light refreshments, sweet and melodious songs, the fine and appealing speech of the learned speaker, and the concluding remarks of the president marked by sallies of wit and humour were among the pleasing features of the function. We look forward to good work in the course of the year.

M. VENKATASWAMI,
Secretary.

Karnataka Bhashabhi Vardhini Sangham

The Sangham held a general body meeting on the 14th July with Mr. K. Narasinga Rao in the chair, and elected its President and Secretary.

We are really proud to have had Vidwan U. Sitharamacharya of the Presidency College to deliver the inaugural address on 22nd August when Vidwan U. Venkatakrishna Rao, M.A., presided. The Sangham is very thankful to those who helped to make the function a success.

N. NAGESAPPA CHETTY,
Secretary.

Report of the English Honours Association

We had the first meeting of our Association on Wednesday the 5th of July at 3-15 p.m. with Mr. G. C. Martin in the chair when the office-bearers for the current year were elected.

Mr. K. V. Srinivasa Rao read a paper on 'The Necessity for a Moral Justification of Poetry'. In Mr. Rao's opinion the tests of good poetry are not moral but aesthetic. In support of his theory he dwelt upon the import of poetry, what it stands for, its relationship with the life and feelings of man and its limitations. To sum up the theme was stated thus: In a point of conflict between Ethics and Æsthetics as the standard of good poetry, the former is to be sacrificed to the latter.

The next meeting was held a fortnight later when Mr. A. Madhava Menon took up the subject of 'The Letters of John Keats'. It was on the whole a very strenuous attempt at presenting a study of Keats's letters touching both their commonplace as well as their philosophical aspect. But remarkably enough he digressed from the main point towards a description of the poet's life and an explanation of the subtler qualities of his imagination. As might have been observed in a report of our meeting in the papers Mr. Menon's ideas and reflections concerning the poet were note-worthy and his expression elegant.

For our convenience we hold our meetings on Wednesdays at 3-15 p.m. when most other classes have their lectures or laboratory work. Nevertheless we extend a cordial welcome to any that may wish to attend our meetings.

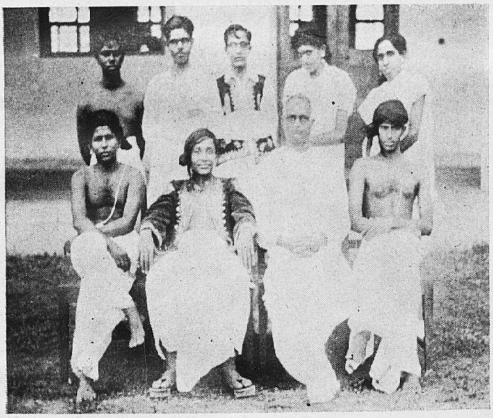
The members of the English Honours Association feel proud of the exceptional success of their senior friends in the March 1939 Final Examination. We wish to assure them that we shall endeavour to maintain a high level in our activities and to keep up the tradition handed down to us by our predecessors.

PHILIP JAGANNATHAN,
Secretary.

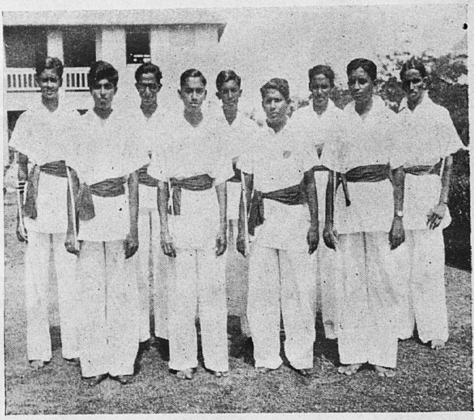
The Brotherhood

The Brotherhood which found several new lines of activities last year suited to conditions at Tambaram is continuing and developing its good work under the leadership of its new President, Dr. J. P. Joshua. A large number of students have enlisted themselves as active workers, and it is a pleasant sight to see a group of young men every evening at the Welfare Centre ready to render first aid and attend to little ailments. Under the enthusiastic leadership of U. N. Ramachandra Rao of St. Thomas's Hall, a very large number of students visited the Irumbaluyur village in July and August about the time of the full moon, and these visits have been greatly appreciated. At the entertainment given in July, Mr. L. N. Subramaniam presided, and gave an interesting talk on the *Ramayana*. On the second occasion the Village Munsiff presided. At both these meetings organised under the auspices of St. Thomas's Hall Rural Service Association, several of the students spoke on various topics and entertained the villagers with music. The children of the village sang songs, the most well-known being the song in praise of Tamilnad composed by Bharati. Further a meeting of the villagers was held early in August to discuss the question of fodder scarcity. At that meeting Mr. J. D. Asirvadam presided, and the Agricultural Demonstrator at Saidapet and Mr. S. Subbarama Iyer urged the villagers to set apart a few cents of land here and there to grow certain kinds of grass for which the Agricultural Department was willing to supply the seeds at a very small cost. The village munsiff and a few others were formed into a group to consider the possibilities of solving this fodder problem. The two speakers promised to render any assistance needed.

BROTHERHOOD EXCURSION PARTY AT THE DUPLEIX MEMORIAL



CAST OF ONAM DAY DRAMA



ONAM DAY DANCE TROUPE

STUDENT OFFICE-BEARERS

Selaiyur Hall

General Secretary:—George Abraham.
Secretary for Debates:—P. P. Nambiar.
Secretary for Entertainments:—Soundara Rajan.
Secretary for Indoor and Outdoor Games:—H. Ramayya.
Secretary for the Library and Reading-room:—P. Kumarappan.

St. Thomas's Hall

General Secretary:—Jacob Cherian.
Secretary for Debates:—A. Madhava Menon.
Secretary for Entertainments:—Philip J. Chandran.
Secretary for Indoor Games:—C. M. Poulose.
Secretary for Outdoor Games:—A. Kurien.
Secretary for the Library and Reading-room:—P. N. Mohandoss.

Bishop Heber Hall

President:—Clement Ratnayya.
General Secretary:—K. Venkatesvaran.
Secretary for Debates:—C. Damodaran.
Secretary for Entertainments:—H. S. Kadambavanam.
Secretary for the Library and Reading-room:—M. Ramakrishna Menon.
Secretary for Indoor Games:—B. H. H. Simon.

The College Union

Chairman:—Victor Pavamani.
Secretary:—S. Padmanabhan.
Assistant Secretary:—K. S. Srinivasan.

The Christian Union

President:—A. N. Gopal.
Secretary:—G. Gnanasigamoni.
Treasurer:—Jacob Matthan.
Secretary for Social Service:—George Muller.
Secretary for Study-Circles:—U. M. Thomas.
Secretary for Devotional Services:—A. S. Paul.
Auditors:—
S. R. Messiah Doss.
Dorairaj.

The History Students' Union

Chairman:—J. Cyril Raj.
Secretary:—S. Sundara Rajan.

The Philosophical Association

Secretary:—C. R. Paulus.

The Mathematics Association

Secretary:—S. R. Messiah Doss.
Assistant Secretary:—George Abraham.

The Physical Science Society

Secretaries:—
P. V. Mathew.
V. Narasimhan.

The Radio Club

Secretary:—V. Narasimhan.
Assistant Secretary:—Mir Ahmed Ali Khan.

The English Honours Association

Vice-President:—G. H. Jansen.
Secretary:—Philip Jagannathan.

Literary Society

Secretary:—R. R. Benjamin.

Tamil Sangam

Chairman :—G. Gnanasigamoni.
Secretary :—T. G. Ranganathan.

Malayalee Association

Secretary :—K. A. Verghese.
Assistant Secretary :—P. R. K. Menon.

Andhra Bhashabi Ranjani Sanghamu

Secretary :—M. Venkataswamy.
Treasurer :—S. Subba Reddy.

Karnataka Bhashabi Vardhini Sangum

Secretary :—N. Nagesappa Chetty.

ATHLETICS

Playing Fields

The continued drought has done havoc to the playing fields and if it continues still further there will be no trace of any grass left. As it is, the only green patch in the whole area is the Cricket Pitch. All else is barren and the strong winds blow away the surface rapidly creating clouds of dust. With the stringent measures that had to be taken to safeguard the water supply, watering the playing fields was out of the question. With great difficulty the Cricket Pitch alone was kept alive with minimum watering. Even the tennis courts are in a bad way as watering had to be limited to the absolute minimum. Though we had to adopt all these measures we may console ourselves with the thought that we are not so badly off as the City of Madras where even drinking water is scarce. Let us hope we shall have a good monsoon with plentiful rains and that we shall be able to recover the grass on the fields.

Cricket

Cricket is becoming increasingly popular and there were regular crowds of aspirants turning up for practice at the beginning of the season. Some of our good cricketers of last year left us—B. S. Krishna Rao, P. N. Ramachandran, H. A. Spitteler and P. D. Calappa ; but some of them returned to us for a further period of two years —E. K. Harikrishnan and G. Abraham. G. Shanmugam, R. T. Parthasarathy and K. S. Thimmayya are among the new recruits. Of the five Inter-Collegiate matches we have played so far, we have won two and lost three. Individually we continue to be good while as a team we still do not seem to make much headway. In batting G. Abraham, A. W. Keir and T. A. Janakiraman have scored 50 or more individually while V. Ramakrishnan, B. Bhasker Rao (Captain) and G. Shanmugam scored very near the half-century on one or more occasions. Fielding is the one department where we do not do anything outstanding, as a team. It is said that it is the one phase of the game that can definitely be improved by practice, but our men seem to think that fielding practice is something mean and degrading. Unless this attitude is changed forthwith there is little hope of doing anything remarkable as a team. The tale of 21 missed catches in our match with the Presidency College is a woeful one, but we should not be surprised if even this record is broken this year ! The bowlers to suffer at the hands of these slack fieldsmen are R. Ganesan and M. A. Belliappa, our slow bowlers, who, however, have been doing very well in spite of such treatment.

A word must be said about our Second XI. As usual we are running a regular Second team which plays regular matches. Once, when the first XI was playing on the Cricket field, the Second XI had another match going on at the same time on the adjoining ground—our Sports field. So far they played three matches winning twice and drawing the other time. Mir Ahmed Ali Khan, who is the Captain, has been very active and the future programme seems to be quite good. H. S. Kadambavanam,

P. Piedpet, K. Kunhiraman and Balakrishnan are some of those who have been doing very well in this team.

Football

In many ways the team we had last year was one of the best we have ever had. Many of those who played for the College had to leave—Thankaraj Joseph, Srinivas Rao, Ganapathy, Inbaraj and Sreedhar, but we got back some of our old players—G. Ramamurthy and George Manickam. The team, on the whole, is quite a good one and if it maintains its present form we ought to win the League Championship. Some of the scores are really remarkable—7 : 1 against Veterinary, 8 : 0 against C. N. T. Institute, 10 : 0 against the Teachers' College. It must be admitted, however, that we have yet to meet some of the good teams in the League and the future depends on the form of our players next term. So far we have won every match.

The football talent in the College is so plentiful that it was an easy matter to get up a Second XI. In fact the Second XI is almost as good as the First XI and in some of the practice matches the scores have been very even. The Second XI played a few matches with outside teams and did very well indeed. The match with the Presidency College, which we won, is specially noteworthy.

Hockey

The Hockey team was considerably weakened by several of our best men leaving College,--F. Arul, P. D. Calappa, H. A. Spitteler and others, while there are not many new men who can take their place. Still the team has been doing quite well so far having won all the matches except the one against the Y. M. C. A., which we lost. Though the chances of our winning the Championship are not so rosy as last year it is quite certain that we shall finish high up in the table at the end of the season. The chief difficulty has been to get a really reliable defence while the wing forwards also cannot be said to be quite sound. We depend chiefly on H. Coyne (Captain) and A. W. Keir to score the goals while V. Ramakrishnan, who plays in the pivotal position, is the chief mainstay of our defence.

A Second XI in Hockey took a long time to materialise. Only one match was played by them so far—against the Doveton Corrie School, and was lost. However, Benjamin (Jr.), who is the Captain, thinks he will be able to arrange a better programme next term.

Boxing

Mr. T. Antony, who was our Boxing coach for the last two years and who was responsible to a large extent for our success in the past, had to leave us and we were hard put to it to find another man who would be equally capable. Fortunately we were able to secure Mr. A. S. J. Henry as our regular coach for the year. Mr. Henry is no stranger to us ; he was the Captain of our Boxing team two years ago and is quite well-known in South India as a boxer of the first rank. With his help we have every chance of retaining the Championship which we have held for the last two years in succession. Most of our last year's boxers are still with us and we have been able to get a few very promising new ones. So the outlook is very bright. At present coaching is given twice a week and the attendance has been large and regular. It is proposed to hold a few contests in our ring next term as part of the training for the

Inter-Collegiate tournament which will be held on the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of November.

Basketball

After the other games—Cricket, Football and Hockey, were put on their feet as it were, regular practice in basketball was attempted. There is a tendency for the basketball players to confine themselves to their Hall courts and not come to the common courts on the playing fields for their regular games. This makes College team practices difficult. The better players should not crowd out the beginners from the Hall courts but should make a point of getting their games on the College courts where they can get a much better and far more enjoyable game. However, after a few practices we decided to enter for the tournament conducted by the Loyola College. We played two matches—one with the Loyola College 'A' and the other with the Law College, and won both. We are now to play the finals of the tournament with the Engineering College early next term. The members of the team are quite confident of winning the finals.

Physical Training

The physical training classes for the Intermediate Classes were organized in the same way as before. This year's First Class, however, is unusually large, and the problem of making their classes really effective very difficult. Instead of the usual six batches there are eight this year, but they seem to have settled down properly and before long, everything should go smoothly. The Second Class has started its League tournaments early this year and seems to be having a good time.

The Cricket and Hockey Teams' Visit to Salem

It is customary for one of our teams to go on a tour during the Michaelmas holidays and play a series of matches. Last year instead of one team, two went out—to Bangalore and Mysore, and this year also two teams decided to go on tour. When the final arrangements were being made it was discovered that most of the men could not go during the September holidays. So, suddenly it was decided to make the best of a long week-end when Monday and Tuesday were holidays and return after playing a few matches somewhere not too far away from Madras. Salem was chosen as the best place for our purpose and the Cricket and Hockey teams decided to make the trip. The Salem Gymkhana offered to be our hosts and to make all arrangements for our matches there. We left here on Saturday 26th August, after playing our Cricket match with the Muhammadan College, and reached Salem early the next morning. It being Sunday no matches were played on that day. On Monday we played the Combined Schools and College in Cricket and defeated them. The same evening the Hockey team played the Salem Gymkhana. The match ended in a draw though there was no doubt as to our superiority. The ground on which the match was played was not in a fit condition for any game and our men, not accustomed to such surfaces, could not produce their usual form.

The next morning we played a hockey match with the Reserve Police. This match also ended in a draw though this time we could not complain about the ground as on the previous evening. The Police

played a fast and robust game and the score—2 all, was a true index of the game. After the hockey match we played Cricket with the Salem Gymkhana. They had brought together the best team they could muster and we were glad to see two of our old players—the Spitteler brothers, R.A. and H.A. Though we won the toss and batted first we could score only 55 runs all told. Our opponents passed this score with the loss of only four wickets but the play continued till we enabled one of their men to score the coveted century.

Thus we played four matches altogether, won one, drew two and lost one. We tried to play yet another game—a hockey match with the Montford School, Yercaud, but when we got on top of the hills heavy rain ruled out all possibility of a game. We had to come back very much disappointed. We started for home the same night and reported at College the next day. These tours are very valuable apart from the experience it gives to our players. Many people get interested in our College when they see the fine sporting spirit that is so characteristic of us and our reputation as a College is considerably enhanced. Long and protracted tours are often tiresome and always expensive and so, short tours of this kind should be far more valuable and enjoyable.

C. A. A.

Football

Six places fell vacant in the team as Messrs. Thangaraj, Chudapparaj, Inbaraj, Sreenivasa Rao, Sreedhar and Ganapati left college at the end of the last academic year. We are happy that Ramamurthy has come back to join us, occupying his old position of right-in. There was a large number of players to choose from. P. J. Thomas and Manikkam were taken in as left-out and left-in respectively. Though there was some initial difficulty in the selection of the full-backs, Amirtharaj and Ramaiya have been finally fixed upon. Our forward line is very good with P. C. Thomas to lead the attack. Charles figures prominently in the half-back line, ably assisted by P. I. George and Punnoose George. But the full-backs are not quite so reliable. T. V. John makes a good goal-keeper.

We commenced our League fixtures in fine style beating *Y.M.C.A. College*, by 2 goals to 1. Though our attack was a bit weak, P. C. Thomas and Ramamurthy were able to score 2 goals. Charles defended admirably.

In our second fixture with *Veterinary* we had a compartively easy time, winning by a big margin of 7 goals to 2. We carried everything before us and our opponents were indeed extremely lucky to get off with 7 goals. P. C. Thomas was responsible for 3 goals, and Ramamoorthy and Manikkam scored 2 each.

Against *Presidency* we had a difficult time as our opponents resorted to rough play. We, however, managed to beat them by 3 goals to 2.

We defeated the *C. N. T. Institute* by a wide margin of 8 goals to nil, P. C. Thomas netting 5 and Ramamoorthy the remaining 3.

Till now we have won all the matches and we have high hopes of finishing at the top of the League table.

P. I. GEORGE,
Captain.

Cricket

We began our Inter-Collegiate season with a match against *Presidency College.* Our opponents batted first and compiled the huge total of 237 for 5 (declared). Our fielding was deplorable and we missed a record number of catches. Going in to bat, we did not have much hope of passing their score and so we indulged in stolid cricket, trying to force a draw. This however proved unsuccessful, when our last wicket fell three minutes before the close of play. Bhasker Rao and Shanmugham batted well scoring 28 and 31 respectively.

This was the first match we played on our turf wicket. It proved to be a very good wicket, though of course, not as true as our matting wicket.

Our second match was against the *Medicals.* This was more or less a repetition of the first match. Though our bowling was decidedly better (especially the slow bowlers) many catches were missed and our opponents, batting first, hit up 206 runs for 6 (declared). Our reply was a poor 95. Most of our batsmen failed, Shanmugham being the only one to make a fairly high score (28).

We won our third match against *Pachaiappa's.* Although we lost the toss, we were sent in to bat. Some of our good batsmen failed, but we managed to make 191 runs. A. W. Keir scored 59 runs in about twenty minutes, hitting 2 sixes and 6 fours. The other scores were Shanmugham (28), Ramakrishnan (28), and Abraham (50). *Pachaiappa's* were all out for 130. Our slow bowlers, Ganesan and Belliappa were in great form and between them, captured all the wickets.

Nanjappa has proved to be a smart wicket-keeper. Ganesan has now greater control over the ball and will, in future matches, be our main weapon of attack. Shanmugam has so far been the most consistent batsman. Harikrishnan and Belliappa have been rather unlucky in their batting, but they are sure to make high scores in the coming matches.

George Abraham.

The Second Cricket Eleven

The Second Cricket Eleven started the season with a match against the *Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Education,* on their grounds at Saidapet. The match ended in a victory for us by the comfortable margin of 55 runs. Among those who batted well on our side were M. Srinivasan (17), A. Ali Khan (16), Cariappa (13), and Shankunni (13); while the excellent bowling of Kadambavanam, who took 5 wickets for 12 runs, was mainly responsible for the meagre total of our opponents.

We hope to have a good season this year, and this first victory has done a great deal to encourage the side as a whole. The Eleven is a well-balanced one, the batting and bowling being fairly good, and the fielding really keen. The success of the team during the season will depend very largely on the keenness and enthusiasm of its members. I hope the real keenness that the players have so far shown will not in any way diminish as the season advances.

A. Ali Khan,
Captain.

Hockey

We started our hockey season this year without the assistance of some of last year's outstanding players, Arul, Spitteler, Fowler, Calappa and Isaacs. Their places were filled by

hard-working substitutes who endeavour to put forth their best.

We were fortunate, however, to have Ramakrishnan, our pivot, with us who is the mainstay of the defence. Nipps and Janakiraman, the full backs are hard-working, although not very steady and inclined to mix. Brew in the goal is fairly reliable and saves in times of difficulties. He should try to be more regular in the practice matches. P. V. Rao and Hunt, the wing halves are quite dependable but the former should not dribble so much and the latter should be quicker in clearing.

The forward line, except for the wing men, is fairly strong with Keir the first time goal scorer. Hensman and Absalom should endeavour to pass the ball sooner instead of taking it too near the touch line only to mishit it or not hit at all.

We lost our first fixture to the *Y. M. C. A. Saidapet* by 2 goals to 1. They were a strong side and have lately defeated the holders. We beat the *Veterinary*, *Presidency* and *Meston Training* Colleges and hope to win the next two matches this term.

With a little more team work and steady play we ought to come fairly high in the table.

H. Coyne,
Captain.

University Training Corps

The contingent took all its members to camp at Pallavaram in December 1938. The monsoon was particularly inactive during that period and this helped us in doing uninterrupted work. In competitions, the contingent was fairly successful. It won the football, Guard-Mounting and Route March cups. The Principal was a frequent visitor to our camp and his visits were a source of encouragement.

A few changes took place at the beginning of the present academic year in the personnel of H. Q. Captain K. S. Thimayya, who was our adjutant for the past three years, had to leave the corps and join his regiment; and we hear that he is away at Singapore. We thank him for all the hard and good work he did for the corps and we wish him good luck. In his place we welcome Major L. G. W. Hamber. He has adapted himself quickly to the work of the U. T. C., and he does not spare any pains in speeding to Tambaram over rutty roads to take a class for a few N.C.O.'s. It is greatly pleasing to know that our Commandant Major K. C. Chacko has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and we take this opportunity to congratulate him.

Recruiting took place this year in July as soon as the College re-opened. The contingent took the required number of students to fill up available vacancies. It is a matter of regret, however, that among those who applied some were not afforded the opportunity of membership. The contingent at present is doing its routine work of mid-week and Saturday parades.

S. Parthasarathy, *Lieutenant,*
O/c Christian College Contingent
'B' Coy.

ADULT LITERACY CAMPAIGN

There is no problem that the country is facing which is so stupendous as that of a speedy conquest of illiteracy. Its solution will surely improve the condition of the masses in a phenomenal way. The City of Bombay is making a magnificent effort to hasten the spread of literacy within its limits. Under the auspices of the Missionary Educational Council of South India, a Literacy Campaign is inaugurated for the Tamil area, and though the scope of the Campaign undertaken by the Committee of the Missionary Educational Council is restricted to the Christian Church, especially the rural sections of the Church in Tamil Nad, the programme of work envisaged by the Committee has a significance for all the readers of the *Magazine*.

One-third of the world's illiterates live in India. Until a few years ago those who gave any thought to this question felt that the problem could be solved only gradually, but a new hope has dawned for us, chiefly because Dr. Laubach who carried out his first experiments in the Philippines, and obtained signal success there has during his recent visits to India convinced our national leaders as well as the missionary agencies working in India that the aim of a *universally literate community* in India is within the range of practical politics. Dr. Laubach has met keen workers in several language areas, and has worked out new and simplified methods for teaching adults. In *Andhra Desa* the campaign initiated under the inspiration of Dr. Laubach has already within a few years produced surprisingly good results, and thousands of former illiterates are now able to read Telugu.

The Christian Literature Society has produced necessary charts and lessons in Tamil. Wherever the campaign is started, it is recommended that at least one large chart attractively printed in three colours be provided for each group or village (Price : unmounted 6 as., and mounted 14 as.), and that each pupil be provided with a set of lessons worked out in two small books (Price : 6 pies per copy or 1 anna per set. 50 copies if bought at the same time can be had at Rs. 2 per 50 sets. Publishers : C.L.S., Park Town, Madras).

More than these accessories, what is essential for the success of the campaign is enthusiasm for the cause and perseverance on the part of the workers. Any literate adult of normal intelligence should be able to use the charts and lessons and prove an effective worker. Dr. Laubach further insists on the learner being eager to share his new knowledge with at least one other. From the very beginning the learner should be encouraged to teach what he learns each day to another. To ensure maximum results, adequate leadership and supervision should be provided. Though in the early stages voluntary helpers may provide the needed supervision, the work to be fully developed in any area will need the full time services of an intelligent and responsible leader who will throw himself into the work of organisation and supervision with enthusiasm, and inspire the workers and the pupils with zeal for their work.

The Christian Literature Society is also producing suitable literature

Among the many activities of the Hall the 'Keep fit' class early in the morning has turned out to be very popular, thanks to the efforts of the Physical Director and Mr. A Kurian, our Outdoor Games Secretary. Mr. Kurian hopes to get a fine set of athletes and with them he is very optimistic about winning the athletic shield this year. We wish him all success.

The Non-Residents' Social went off very well on the 20th of July. The entertainment provided through the efforts of Mr. P. J. Chandran, our Entertainment Secretary, which followed the tea was a great success and really, the 'Non-Residents' were given, as we sang, 'a rollicking good time.'

The New Graduates' Dinner was held on the 5th of August and we were proud to have with us a number of our men who graduated with distinction.

The 'Vandalur Rangers' are going as strong as ever and Uncle Sham the opening batsman of the team is very busy practising the various strokes in front of the mirror. He is very good at 'late cuts' though he does it a bit too late.

In spite of occasional war dances and eerie noises which lead us to the belief that the Hall is haunted, we have settled down to work.

The freshmen of the Hall have already begun to feel that the hall is a friendly place and it is not merely a matter of buildings but something finer and more subtle than all these.

JACOB CHERIAN,
General Secretary.

Bishop Heber Hall

The long mid-summer holidays saw the departure of many of our friends who were enlivening the Hall last year, and for the first few days after coming back, we missed their familiar faces very badly. At the same time we were happy to welcome the new ones to our midst, 'prominent' among them being a few 'Pocket editions'.

The reception to non-residents that we had on 20th July paved the way for the other socials that were to succeed. It served its purpose to some extent in bringing the residents and non-residents together. The function was followed by a Variety Entertainment which was very well appreciated.

We were 'At Home' to new graduates of the year on the 5th August, when a joint dinner was held by all the messes, followed by a short meeting at which two of the new 'butterflies' replied to our congratulations.

We have had two general body meetings so far, and they still continue to be occasions of great interest.

It is a remarkable feature of the new year, that the cricket enthusiasts in our Hall who created the 'Free Looters' Club', have now acquired their own ground opposite the front of the Hall, and the future of the club seems very promising.

The Debating Society held a well contested parliamentary debate in the beginning of the term on the 'Formation of different blocks within the Congress', and we were fortunate in getting hold of our old silver-tongued orators for the debate.

It may cause a great stir among many to be informed that the mighty influence and enormous importance of the famous A.B.C. (Anti-Bathing Club) have unfortunately begun to wane—probably because the president and a few life members of the club left us at the end of last year. But it

is gratifying to see that the remaining office-bearers of the club take a wager that there is going to be an over-rush of members for their club in the coming cold season.

Some of the new students show signs of being very industrious by burning their lights till mid-night, as their elders too did for the first *few* days last year. (Of course, I am not inclined to give credence to the prevailing rumour, that these young friends who have just now taken leave of their mothers are afraid to sleep without the lights on !)

I now hear the curses of the Secretary for Tennis at me for omitting so far to record his achievements. I should think that this important dignitary belongs to the 'Forward Bloc' in Tennis, as he has started the Tennis tournaments even in the first term—rather a departure from the custom of previous years.

The Chronicler's duty will be very incomplete, if he fails to take note of the unique and interesting feature of the year. *This is the abnormal and indeed a dangerous increase in the number of 'coat-stands'*. (I am sure that the coat-stands in the original sense would feel proud of the incidental popularity their names have attained now-a-days.) The crowning wonder was that after a few days, nearly all of these little harmless things made their mysterious disappearance. It is also whispered that the remaining ones are nervously looking for the day of their fatal execution.

So, on the whole, the life in the Hall has been very happy, and it is a matter of pride that the activities of the Hall are very promising and progressive in all branches.

K. VENKATESWARAN,
General Secretary.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ?

The popularity of the 'questionnaire' or general knowledge test is today firmly established amongst all sections of the reading public.

With the object of developing this fascinating system of self-instruction, *The Madras Christian College Magazine* has instituted an interesting 'How Much do You Know' Contest offering books to the value of RUPEES FIVE.

There are ten questions and answers to these questions are kept in a sealed envelope with the Bursar of the college.

All entries must reach the Editor *on or before October 3.*

No entries will be opened until the competition closes.

There is *NO* entrance fee for this competition.

The prize will be awarded to the competitor who sends in the correct set of answers.

If no correct set of answers is received, the prize will be awarded to the competitor who submits the most nearly correct set of answers. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize will be awarded to the competitor whose answers are in the opinion of the judge most clearly set out.

The name of the winning competitor, together with the correct answers, will be published *on or before October 15* in the College and Hall Notice Boards.

THE QUESTIONS

1. Can you give the surnames of the following men famous in sport whose Christian name is JOE ?

(*a*) The negro who holds the world's heavy weight title.

(*b*) An outside right and a fine cricketer.

(*c*) A golfer well known for his trick shots.

(*d*) To him snooker is as easy as billiards.

(*e*) Record goal-scoring centre-forward in London.

(*f*) An Irish jockey.

(*g*) A well known boxing promoter.

2. While Mickey Mouse and Donald Duck are amusing millions of people throughout the world, who claims to have invented the idea of the animated cartoons?

3. Who was the first peeress to be called to the Bar in England?

4. While attempting another England-Australia flight he was reported missing in the Burma region and all search for him and his companion proved in vain.

Who is he?

5. Which European country is credited with the highest telephone ratio ('phones to population)?

6. Who wrote the novel *People in Cages?*

7. Who wrote the book *Anne of Austria* and whose wife was Anne ?

8. Who confers the 'Sacred Golden Rose'?

9. What is the 'Swaythling Cup'?

10. Who is the world's tallest man? He is 9 feet 10 inches, weighs 434 lbs, takes 22 in. shoes.

Compiled and set by

K. P. PHILIP,

Member of the

College Magazine Committee.

MR. S. SATYAMURTHY.
Mayor of Madras

THE

MADRAS CHRISTIAN COLLEGE MAGAZINE

DECEMBER, 1939

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

I welcome the editor's invitation to write a Christmas message for the readers of the *College Magazine*, for events in the world today are such as to obscure for many the meaning of Christmas, and yet the very grimness of these events is the measure of our need to apprehend what Christmas stands for. Christmas reminds us that, in spite of all the appearances, God is very near to the world, that it is His world, that He has taken thought for it to redeem it from evil. And, because it reminds us of God's love for the world, it is also a call to us to

'rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing',

and then to go forward hopefully with that song as our inspiration.

To many, it no doubt appears as if the terrible things that are going forward in the world today are a complete denial of the message of Christmas, and in one sense they obviously are. But do not let us therefore imagine that the Christmas message is thereby exposed as a vain illusion. The fact is that, in almost all ages of the world, the superficial appearances have been against it. The world has always been full of cruelty and suffering, and it has always been in that context that men of faith have taken courage to believe in the love that 'came down at Christmas'. Perhaps, indeed, the Christmas story itself, in its most intimate and lovable aspect, helps us to understand why it is possible for such cruelty and suffering to exist in God's World, for it tells us that God, in His dealings with men, laid aside His power and glory, and became a little child, and made it possible for us to crucify Him. We *have* crucified Him; but, just because He is God, we know that one day 'He shall reign'.

A. J. Boyd.

COLLEGE NOTES

The Rains

Since the first term ended, we have had 30.43 inches of rain, and after the long drought this has naturally been most acceptable. The wells in the villages around us, some of which were almost dry, are now practically full again, and the cultivators are busy in the fields. In our own estate also, more trees and grass are being planted. The College celebrated the November rains with a rain holiday, the first since the removal to Tambaram. Some students are said to have expressed the view that torrential rain every day from 9-30 till 10-30 would be a great blessing !

It is also interesting to note that the lowest temperature since observations were started at Tambaram in 1931 was recorded on the night of November 24, the figure being 59.5°.

New Societies

It is a matter for satisfaction that the enthusiasm called forth last year by the staging of 'Hamlet' has led to proposals for the organisation of a College Dramatic Society. We hope that the new Society will have a long and vigorous life. Another Society which will soon be formally constituted is the Karnatic Music Association. It has already been working under provisional sanction and has arranged two musical performances, as well as a lecture on the technique of South Indian Music. This is a welcome addition to the number of organisations which are, each in its own way, helping to give richness and variety to our College life.

T. S. Govindarajan

By the death, through drowning, of T. S. Govindarajan, Class IV, Group iv-b, a resident of Bishop Heber Hall, on the evening of the 14th of November, a shadow was cast over our College life. Govindarajan came to us from the Presidency College in July 1938, and after a year as a non-resident student, came into residence in July of this year. He was a quiet and unassuming lad—it was not in his nature to make himself conspicuous in any way—but those who knew him loved him for his cheerfulness, his modesty, and his straightforward friendliness. We can only speculate on the circumstances which led to his death. He was known to be a competent swimmer, and nobody would have expected the shallow Selaiyur Lake to present any difficulties to one who had frequently swum in much deeper waters. It seems probable, indeed, that violent over-exertion while he was still in the boat was the main contributory cause. Such speculation after the event, however, is not our main purpose here. In this place we desire to put on record our happy memories of a graceful and upright life, and to express our heartfelt sympathy to Govindarajan's father, his brothers and other relatives, and, not least, to the cousin still in our midst who had been his constant companion, at home and elsewhere, since early youth.

Activities of Former Students

We are glad to publish in this issue contributions from two former students now engaged in work of great social

value. We welcome such articles, and hope that they will foster in the present members of the College a desire to share in some way in the great work of social betterment.

Services in the Anderson Hall

On Monday November 20, an old tradition was revived when staff and students assembled in the Anderson Hall for a common act of worship, led by the Principal, and heard a striking address by the Rev. J. O. Cochran of Madras. These occasional Monday morning services were a regular feature of our College life in George Town, and, while under the new conditions at Tambaram, the responsibility of making provision for the devotional life of their members is entrusted to the Halls, an occasional opportunity for the whole College to come together is most welcome. That this feeling is general, is evidenced by the fact that even the Anderson Hall was not quite sufficient to accommodate all who desired to be present.

A Happy Christmas

In a few days the term will end and the members of the College will scatter all over South India. We include in this issue a Christmas message from the Principal, and we wish every reader of the *Magazine* a Merry Christmas, and a Happy New Year.

THE NEW MAYOR OF MADRAS

The members of the Madras Christian College are happy to note that Mr. S. Satyamurthy who has served the City Corporation with great distinction for many years has been elected as the Mayor of Madras. We offer him our warmest congratulations. Born on August 19, 1887 at Tirumayam, Pudukotah State, he joined the Madras Christian College after finishing the First in Arts course in the Maharajah's College, Pudukotah. He was for some time a tutor in the History Dept. of the College and since he left College and finished his studies in law, he has been an active politician and has rendered great services as a member of the Congress, having visited Great Britain and Ireland in the interests of the Congress Party in 1919 and 1925. At present he is Deputy Leader of the Congress Party in the Delhi Assembly.

Apart from his great services in the field of politics he has for many years rendered distinguished service in connection with the University as a member of the Senate and the Syndicate, having served also as a member of the University Commission of 1928. We recall with thankfulness the fine example of devotion and unstinted labour this distinguished alumnus of the Madras Christian College has given in the service of the motherland, and we wish him well also in his office as Mayor of Madras.

such as only the Japanese tapestry makers knew how to depict. Everywhere we see the set, brittle rigidity of death; gleaming presences no longer throng the shining streets; the 'many mansions' stand empty and the City of God no longer throbs with the immanent presence of the Godhead who has swept out of it with cherubim and seraphim, music and singing. And now it stands desolate, and we only see its empty vanity, its hollow pretentiousness.

The reason for the almost inevitable gold and silver in the Heavens of the various religions is not far to seek. They were included in the heavenly landscape because men wanted to give God of their best, and to grant to those of worthy life on earth the highest reward of fulfilling all their most elemental human desires: hunger, both physical and sexual, and in this case, cupidity. Cupidity is more especially prevalent, and is the more to be satisfied in Heaven, when its objects are clear and distinct as with money. Those simple agricultural peoples who did not have a cash economy had no minerology in their Paradise. For the native of the South Seas and of Africa Heaven is a place of supremely luxuriant gardens and plantations and nothing more. (It is a touching tribute to the superiority of the white man that one African tribe believes that in Heaven they will all acquire white skins.) It is when metals and precious stones are common in a society that its paradise begins to assume a metallic aspect. This is just one more instance of the influence of economics on religion.

This being the cause, we can expect to find lapidary heavens in very many religions. We find one such in later Judaism and Christianity (the Eden of early Judaism is obviously the elysium of an agricultural people): the New Jerusalem has streets of gold, gates of pearl and its foundations are made of twelve precious stones. The reader of the Buddhist texts, even those of the Hinayana, will remember with revulsion the endless and inescapable repetitions of this same motif in the descriptions of Heaven that they give: 'It had seven ramparts of gold, silver, beryl, crystal, agate, coral and all kinds of gems; and four gates of gold, silver, beryl, crystal and jade with seven pillars of gold, silver, beryl, etc. for each. There were seven rows of Palm Trees of gold, silver, beryl, etc. with interchanged fruits and leaves . . .' and so on *ad nauseum*. If anything, these descriptions are even more common in the Mahayana where Sukavati, the Western Land of Bliss, is said to be composed of gold, silver, beryl and crystal. In Hinduism, even as early as the Epics, we have mention of the land of Uttara Kuru, the abode of the pious, a country covered with costly jewels and precious stones, with beds of golden petalled blue lotuses and rivers flowing through sands of pearls. In the Puranas the heavens become more numerous and their details more lavish. Even mildly ethical Confucianism could not evade this seemingly common desire; for, just to take one instance, in a poem of the second century we read of the mystic being washed in a bath of rainbow spray and girded with a belt of jasper and rubies. The Greek Olympia, it will be remembered, had golden floors and thrones and roofs. Besides Judaism, already referred to, the other Semitic races had similar concrete ideas of Paradise. The heaven of Islam though clearly an idealised desert oasis has inmates 'bedecked with bracelets of gold and with pearls'; in Islamic tradition

this aspect is further developed and in one case we read of Paradise made 'of gold and silver bricks with musk for mortar and its earth of saffron'. The Babylonians believed that the worthy went to 'a park of precious stones' and the descriptions given of its location support the economic explanation we have given of this conception of Heaven, because this 'park' clearly refers to the Phœnician coast, even at that time a centre of trading and mineral wealth.

This explanation is further supported by one case of a people, the Mayas, who were extraordinarily rich in precious metals who yet did not include them in their descriptions of Elysium where the blessed lie under the beautiful *yaxche* tree eating and drinking all day. This was obviously so because the Mayas set no store by gold and silver which they had in such abundance, a fact that amazed the Spanish Conquistadors; and what was not economically valuable to them would find no place in their Paradise.

Just when we are beginning to blush for the simple cupidity of our ancestors that led them to formulate Heavens of such naive attractiveness we come across a related series of religions in which, contrary to those mentioned above, the conception of Paradise is hazy and mysterious and attractive. These are what we might broadly call the early Indo-European religions: Celtic, Slavonic, Teutonic, Zoroastrian and early Vedic. In the Western Isles of the Celts it is natural beauty, music and peace that is notable; everything is wreathed in swirling mist. So it is with the Slavs and Teutons whose Paradise is a glass mountain, or surrounded and hedged with leaping flame and fire, an idea often repeated, with great poetic beauty in the *Voluspa* of the Icelandic Edda. Drinking and fighting was more valuable to them than material wealth. Only here and there do we get a touch of the usual concreteness: a branch of silver gleaming through a mass of white blossoms; golden tables standing on the grass; children gathering golden fruit from among the greenery. These simple and unsophisticated Northmen, though they worked extensively in metal, as the funerary remains of Sutton Hoo have recently shown, had a definite fear of the baleful influence of gold: in the *Voluspa* it is the dwarfs, the foes of men, who have a hall of gold called Nithavellir; and it will be remembered, in the *Ring of the Nibulungen* it is the Rhinegold which starts part of the tragic action. Whatever the reason, these early North European races kept their Heavens surprisingly free of the usual precious objects; their flashing colour does not gleam from gems but from the watery iridescent clouds in which the heavenly landscape is wrapped. A similar vagueness of outline is to be noted in the Heaven of early Zoroastrianism, such as we find in the Gathas, where it is called Garo-demana 'the house of song' where the angels sing hymns to all eternity. This can be matched in the somewhat earlier Indian eschatology of the early Veda; here the departed blessed, as with the Teutons, dwell in a place 'of glowing light' 'lapped in the bosom of the purple mornings', in a house with flaming doors and that the flame of Agni could reach them shows in what ethereal an atmosphere they lived in the Upper World.

In these related religions all of which can at one time or another be traced back to a common source, we find a similar fluid conception of

Heaven. Partly this was due to a backward economic condition (though this is not strictly true for the Teutons), partly to a different conception of God. That in case of the Teutons at least it was due to the latter reason is to be deduced from the later history of Germanic religion. After contact with Christianity we find the later Sagas speaking of Glittering Plains and 'a mysterious treasure land' but even as early as the twelfth century, in the writings of Master Eckhardt, the old Teutonic or Gothic floating remoteness and dimness has re-asserted itself and re-shaped Christianity into the old pagan haziness and fluidity. Eckhardt speaks of God as 'a boiling up and pouring out of itself in itself, scalding and melting and bubbling itself within itself, light penetrating light' and of 'the eternal Godhead, wherein an eternal stream God is flowing into God'; and obviously such a Gothic deity cannot dwell in a Semitic Heaven with golden streets and pearly gates. In following up our enquiry into the various conceptions of Heaven we seem to have come across a difference in national religious imagination. For a while nothing seems able to make the Teutonic races believe in a static God in a static Heaven—whether in the times of the Pagan sagas, of the Christian Eckhardt or Luther's later revolt against the solid Romish monarchical conception of the Deity—the Semitic and Indic peoples seem unable to believe anything else. Their rather terrestrial flabby unimaginativeness shunning the vaguely attractive gradually but surely fixes on a solid unmoving deity in a solid unmoving heaven and the early Indo-European haziness of the Zoroastrian Gathas is lost under the definite hardness of the Vendidad, and the fluidity of the Vedic hymns solidifies into the cut-and-dried mythology of the Epics and Puranas; and however much we might symbolise the precious materials from which the Heaven of *Revelations* is constructed the fact remains that to the Jew the most satisfying form of eternal life was a life lived in a body and in a *material* universe transfigured though it might be. Hence the solidity of the Heavens imagined especially by the Jews and the Indians, Hindu or Buddhist. The Gothic leap and aspiration instinct in the Nordics similarly required a poetically soft, cloudy mysterious mist-filled Heavenly Landscape. 'Olympus rests on the homely Greek soil, the Paradise of the Fathers is a magic garden somewhere in the Universe, but Valhalla is nowhere'. 'No Wotan or Baldur or Freya has geometric form. Of them, as of the Vedic gods of India, it can be said that they suffer not "any graven image or likeness whatsoever"'. There is a clear distinction between the earlier dynamic and the later static conceptions: in Greece, Judea and India the latter has prevailed though the former once existed; in Protestantism we see the last working out of the former, in unbroken lineal descent from the original.

It is a matter for profound regret that, either due to a money economy or to a lack of imagination, it is the definite and metallic conceptions of Heaven that are held by the major religions of the world. For our forbears, by making this childish idea clear and hard and solid, made it inevitable that it should be later as definitely rejected when its puerility was seen. If all the religions had beautifully vague ideas of Paradise there would be many more people today hoping in a Heaven; but the

emphatic descriptions we actually come across compel disbelief. In an age of unfortunate scepticism, that assails everything, it is obvious that the hazier one's beliefs on a subject that can hardly ever be more than wishful thinking, the better for one. And now that even the rigid and deterministic science of the last century has been displaced by free and imponderable scientific ideas an element of inviting haziness in this department of religion would be welcomed and permitted. That a not too definitely insistent mythology and Heaven would be popular is shown in the otherwise inexplicable success of Wagner's operas in which he uses the old Norse mythology and eschatology; and that they were made the medium of a living art shows that they still are alive to many people. And they are thus alive merely because they are just too airy to be swept away; to destroy them as superstitious would be like cutting the air. But these, alas! are mere hopes. It is the other types of Heaven that have been handed down to us, and despite their primitive appeal, strongly akin to that of crude highly-coloured Byzantine mosaic, with some contempt and some amusement and some nostalgia for our lost phylogenitic childishness we are forced to admit that we can no longer conjure up the simple unsophisticated delight that is necessary for one to fully appreciate the strong encouragement and the hope that men formerly found in these mineralogical Paradises; this thing they set their hearts upon has turned to ashes in our mouths. It remains for us to say with the poetical Caliban:

> 'and then, in dreaming
> The clouds methought would open, and show riches
> Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,
> I cried to sleep again'.

THE ENTOMBED HERMITS OF GYANTSÈ, TIBET

By SAMUEL VARGHESE, *B.Sc. III, Gr. iii*

'If the heart be stout a mouse can lift an elephant.'
'Without a Lama there is no (approach to) God.'

—*Tibetan Proverbs.*

Wreathed in the romance of ages, Gyantsè stands impenetrable, shrouded in mystery in the heart of Tibet, alluring yet defying the most adventurous of travellers to breathe her mystic atmosphere. It has held the imagination captive, this sacerdotal city where the 'Living Buddha' the Grand Lama of Tibet enthroned as a God, reigns eternally over his empire of monks, who weave Tibetan linen or whirl their prayer-wheels, droning mystic spells and exorcising devils in the intervals of their dreamy meditations.

At Gyantsè, we decided to visit a mysterious hermitage we had heard of among the mountains, where it was claimed that a sect of monks imprisoned themselves in dark rocky burial vaults, and remained there till they died. Mounting shaggy Tibetan ponies, we set off from Gyantsè on an April morning to this place about fourteen miles off. The road was rather rugged, and the ponies tripped on dreamily as if they foresaw what we were yet to see. On the hill-sides we could see the glistening white monasteries, and our eyes were led on to the tops where the peaks glistened threateningly against the sapphire sky. The land of priests shone in a majestic splendour, and shadows flitted over its surface forebodingly. The wind rose in the east and wafted past the cedars on yonder mountain slope to the unknown mystic areas of the 'Land of Gloom'. It was a perfect spring morning, and the wild geese played in the torquoise pools on the rivers.

After travelling for about an hour and a half, we emerged from this valley pulsating with life, into a scene which contrasted greatly with it. We beheld a rocky path leading to savage and grim-looking hills, and in its throat where it narrowed to a rocky-ravine, we could discern the hermitage we were in search of. A stream flowed hushed and silent through the valley, choked by the stones which had fallen from the hill-side above. The rocky cliffs on the hill were dotted over with the sombre cells of the buried ascetics. The valley below was fragrant with a luxurious cascade of blossom, and watched the tombs of the hermits, in awe and ignorant mockery.

As we approached the place some attendants came out to meet us, evidently disturbed by the clatter of the hoofs of our ponies over the stones. They were clad more as ordinary men than as monks, but their hair was matted and worn in the style of the Indian Yogis and Fakirs and not in a pigtail as with the laymen. They were thickly clad in Yak's-hair garments and had a calm look about them. They moved slowly and steadily and came to us and saluted us in the Indian style. Then the oldest of them welcomed us in Tibetan, to their hermitage. They informed us, as we

advanced, that they were ascetics of an Indian order found by St. Mila, a follower of Buddha. They had undergone so far, they said, the first or the second stages of imprisonment, or as they put it, holiness, namely for six months or for a period of three years, three months and three days, and had not yet taken the vow for the final plunge for life. Meanwhile they attended on their holier brothers, carrying food for those who were entombed for life.

We got one of them to write the name of their hermitage in an autograph book, and found that they gave it the mystic title of 'The Cave of Happy Musings on Misery' ! (Nyang-tö-ki-p'u).

Then we were led up a narrow winding path to their small chapel. At the door there were two stuffed bear-skins hanging from the roof. Inside the chapel there was the altar, and on the walls long fresco-paintings of semi-nude Indian ascetics, among whom the chief place was occupied by St. Mila. He was a sort of wizard-poet, and lived in the eleventh century A.D., they informed us. The next place in the fresco was given to St. Saraha, who, they said, founded their hermitage six hundred years ago.

From this chapel we were led by our special request to the 'caves'. These are to the number of twenty, perched on the hill-side in an irregular manner. They are made of stone and mortar leaving a stout padlocked door for entry. The only other opening besides this is about six inches square and only just sufficiently large for the hermit to pass out a hand for his daily portion of food of parched grain and water. The grain is tied in a napkin and placed before a narrow sill outside the small window-hole, and the water is poured into a perforated saucer shaped depression in the same place, from where it flows inside.

Shut up in this dark cell the hermit has to remain in total darkness throughout the period of his voluntary imprisonment—for the first or second stages, or for life. He has no means of distinguishing day and night or the passage of time as the seasons bloom and fade. By his vows he should not admit any light or should not talk to any person or peep out throughout his confinement. He is given a human skull cup to take his food from, and a human thigh-bone to use as a trumpet. He recites verses of Sanskrit, the attendants told us, and at intervals conjures up ghastly devils in his imagination and expels them by his spells! So he lives till his death, musing on the miseries of life!

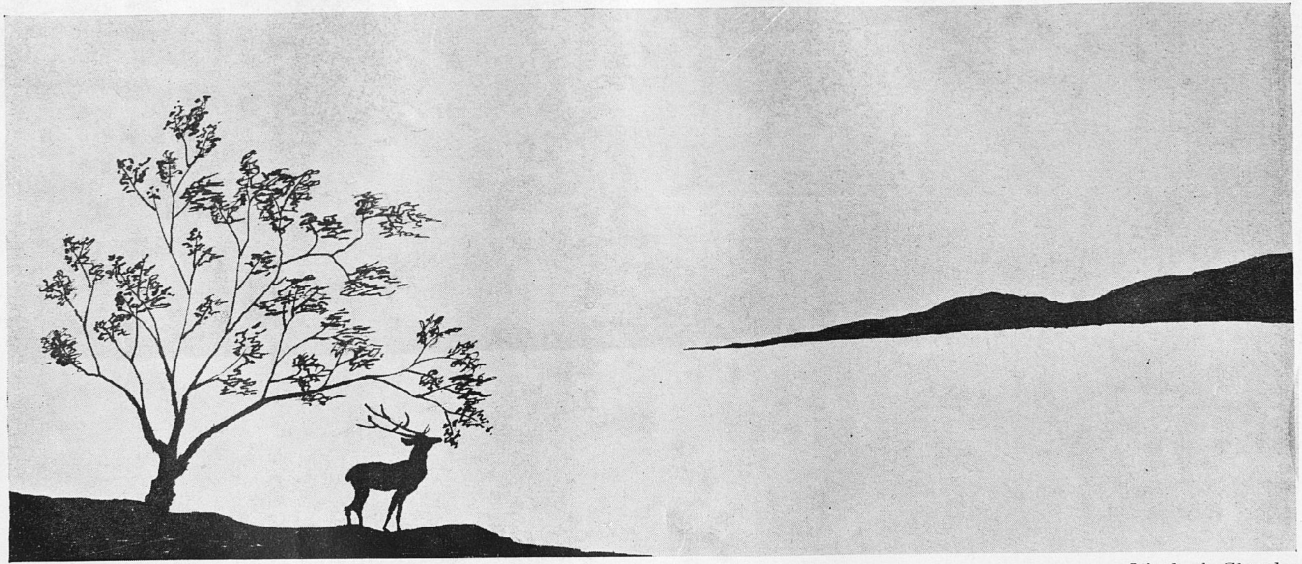
In the first cell to which we were led was confined an old hermit, who had not seen a person or light for over twenty-one years! There was a gloom outside the cell, and from inside no sound came. It was absolutely silent. Most of the attendants, who were young boys, had not even seen the occupant of the cave. I stood entrapped in thought, and overawed at the mental strength of the man and the sort of religion that could create it. One of us asked to be shown evidence of his presence inside the tomb. Thereupon one of the attendants very gently tapped thrice on the sill—so gently that we couldn't hear it. I held my breath. After ten or fifteen seconds the rabbit-hutch door began to tremble and move. By degrees it was pushed aside, and from the deep gloom inside came slowly faltering forth, a gloved hand! That was all. A gloved hand! It advanced about

four inches or so, and fumbled on the sill, trembling as in palsy. And then finding nothing there, it retreated slowly—very slowly like a snail creeping back into its shell. The whole action was muffled and suppressed like a dream, and from inside came—as I fancied—a suppressed moan! I trembled—I found it sickening and inconceivable—this voluntary confinement.

We went to five other caves, and it was the same awful sight. In the last, a lamp was placed at the door. The hermit had died the previous night after a confinement of twenty-two years! He had not removed his food for days. We were not allowed to see his sacred body, for only the oldest of the attendants could look upon it. A funeral-banner stood outside with Buddhistic scriptures written all over. Some of us crossed repeatedly at its sight!

Several of the young hermits who accompanied us had already undergone the first or second stages of 'meditation', and aspired to imitate the one who had died. Only one said he did not seem sure what he was going to do. All this was the result of the extension of Buddha advising temporary retirement for self-examination, and escaping from the attractions of the world. I dreamed what the extension of my religion had brought forth, and where it might lead to. I found I could not blame these monks. Nature seemed to mock at me.

We said good-bye and returned. Nobody felt like talking, though some of us tried to be humorous! I felt depressed and overawed, and even after coming back to the 'Land of my Glory', thought often about the 'Cave of Happy Musings on Misery' at Gyantsè.



PEACE

[Susheel Chander

A CHRISTMAS BALLAD

By D. S. George Muller, *Hons. 3, Br. vii*

When all the world lay drear and cold,
Nipped by the chill December air,
Lo! from the hard unkindly mould
A Christmas rose bloomed fresh and fair,
Though other blossoms did not dare.

Each snowy petal opened wide,
It raised its face divinely rare
To spread the joy of Christmas-tide.
The sullen skies with clouds enrolled
Frowned down upon the earth so bare ;

To wondering men in days of old
Appeared a star beyond compare,
It raised their hearts from gloom and care,
A dazzling beacon-light, a guide,
Steadfast its glory glittered there
To spread the joy of Christmas tide.

ENVOI

Thus Nature's creatures ever wear
Symbols that oft can be descried,
For there are beauties and to spare
To spread the joy of Christmas-tide !

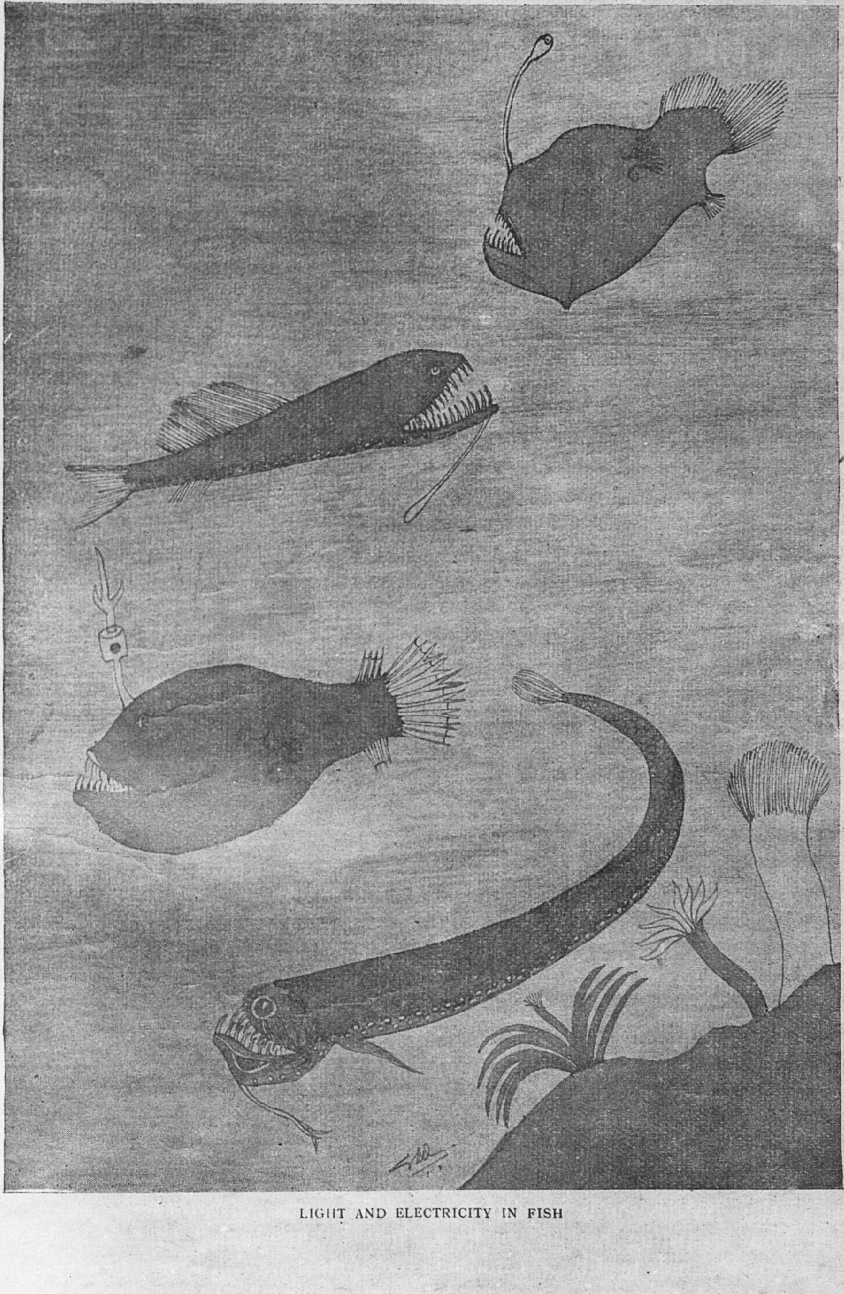
LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY IN FISH

By S. KRUPANANDA REDDI, *Hons. 5, Br. vii*

To most people the ocean is nothing but a vast sheet of wave-tossed waters stretching away to meet the distant horizon. They never care to realise, or are unconscious of the fact, that beneath those chafing waves lies a dark cold unexplored world full of mysteries. But to the deep-sea explorer the ocean is a new world, cold, silent and dark, yet full of strange, weird and undreamt of forms of life.

The first deep-sea exploration to be undertaken was by the *Challenger* in 1873. This ship made numerous remarkable discoveries which startled the scientific world and ever since deep-sea exploration has been going on. Scientific institutions and private individuals like the Prince of Monaco have sponsored expeditions which have tried to unravel the mysteries of this strange world. As a result innumerable forms of strange sea-animals were discovered which had hitherto been undreamt of. No one, however, has ever yet been able to reach the bottom of the ocean and gaze upon its varied life. The most famous deep-sea explorer is Mr. William Beebe the marine biologist, who descended to a depth of 1426 feet off the Bermudas, the greatest depth ever to be reached by any living individual. The distinction was achieved with the help of a Bathysphere — a steel sphere specially designed for deep-sea research. Thanks to Mr. Beebe and his wonderful steel contrivance the Bathysphere, enough information regarding marine biology has been secured to fill a hundred volumes. Yet the discoveries made constitute but a fraction of the life that inhabit the ocean depths.

Among the numerous forms of marine life that have been brought to light by Beebe and his predecessors there is no stranger form of deep-sea life than the luminous fish. These fishes have proved to be one of the greatest puzzles confronting marine biologists and even at the present day scientists have failed to explain them adequately. They are found up to a depth of 1600 feet in the warm waters of the tropic seas. They are also to be found further deep but these species, curiously enough, have only poorly-developed light-organs. Luminous fish are fearsome looking monsters with big heads, wide-gaping jaws and hooked teeth. There are numerous families with the several genera and species and the size of these fishes varies from species to species so that we get fish measuring from only two and a half inches in length to over forty inches. These fishes are most often pitch black in colour while a few are a deep gray. The most important families of luminous fishes are the Stomiatoids, the Sternoptychoids, the Scopeloids and the Ceratoids. It is interesting to note that whereas the size of the fishes vary from species to species the light organ differs only from genus to genus and the light organ of one species is identical with the light organ of another species of the same genus. In this connection it may be mentioned that each family comprises sixteen to seventeen genera, each of which in turn consists of fifty



LIGHT AND ELECTRICITY IN FISH

to sixty different species. This works out to nearly a thousand different species of luminous fishes though we may rest assured that there are many thousands more yet to be discovered. No luminous fish, however, occur in fresh water and this fact is explained by the assumption that salt is necessary for the production of light.

Perhaps the most interesting are the Stomiatoids. They are equipped with what is virtually an electric light installation of their own, which they can switch on or off whenever they please. This installation consists of a double row of small luminous organs running down the length of the body on either side, and as the fishes move through the water they must appear like so many tiny ships sailing at night with shining portholes. The Ceratoids have light-organs in the shape of a powerful light on the head, held at the end of a short rod, greatly resembling a modern reading lamp—the type that consists of a bulb fixed to a slender stand—minus the shade. In the Scopeloids and other families the light-organs appear in the form of luminous appendages depending from the chin known as barbels.

The structure of the light-organs are exceedingly strange, wonderful and complicated and vary from genus to genus. In general the power of emitting light is always considered as belonging to certain structures which represent all conceivable forms of glandular development from simple mucous membranes covering the outer surface of the body to highly complex tubular glands. In a word every light-organ is a highly specialized glandular development developed by nature for the express purpose of emitting light. These light-organs are in their structure very much like the modern handy torch-lights lit by charged cells. There are first of all the glandular cells. These cells are nothing but glands of a special type closely arranged together and producing a slimy luminous substance which emits light. The light is projected through two transparent lens-shaped organs. At the back of the glandular cells is a layer of black pigment arranged all round and acting as a reflector. This layer is in turn covered by a membranous tissue which acts as a bottom cover to the light organ. The cells made up of glands might correspond to the modern electric-charged cells, the slimy luminous substance that emits light might correspond to the power of the mechanical cell, the inner lens to the electric bulb and the outer lens to the glass lens. The layer of black pigment behind the glandular cells corresponds to the polished reflecting tin or aluminium plate and the membranous cover behind the pigment to the brass cover of the mechanical torch.

One of the questions which scientists are still unable to answer is in regard to the purpose for which these light-organs are intended. The question as to why certain fish only are provided with light-organs and not others has become a matter of great controversy. Various explanations have been offered but none with certainty. One theory is that by a process of metabolism the glandular cells convert a part of the nutritive elements into a slimy mucous substance, which the cells secrete and preserve for the purpose of enabling the fish to float in the deep waters which they inhabit. According to this theory one gets the impression that the glandular cells have been developed for the express purpose of secreting mucous substance which is

only intended to help the fish to float and that the luminous character of the mucous substance is a mere accident. But this theory is hardly acceptable for recent investigations of a detailed character into the structures of the light-organs and especially the discovery of reflectors and lenses seem to prove that the light-organs were developed for the definite purpose of projecting light. Another theory has it that the different light-organs correspond to the specific colour-markings of terrestrial animals. But this explanation is still poorer. Most scientists are now agreed from the structure of the light-organs that the organs were intended by nature for the sole purpose of projecting light and that the light is of vital importance to the life of the fish. Perhaps the light is used by the fish to light up the surrounding water so as to recognise its own kind and to steer clear of the danger of possible foes. For my own part I feel that the light-organ is intended for the purpose of attracting prey to the fish. Any unwary prey might become attracted by the dazzling brilliance of the light-organ, especially in such dark depths, approach it, become temporarily blinded by the bright rays and thus fall an easy prey to the fish, which reminds me of stag-shooting at night from a moving car by blinding the animal with the powerful headlights of the car.

No less interesting than the luminous fish are the electric fish. There are three different kinds of electric fish on record one of which is a marine animal while the other two are fresh-water fish. The marine animal is the electric ray which inhabits the warm waters of the tropic seas though it has sometimes been found as far north as Great Britain, while the fresh-water electric fish are the sheath fish or the Electric Cat found in the waters of the river Nile in Africa and the Gymnotus or the electric eel found in certain rivers in Brazil and the Guianas and especially in the lower course of the river Amazon.

The Electric Ray also known as the Torpedo fish is found in abundance in warm waters like the Indian Ocean. There are two distinct species one coloured a drab black and the other with a colouration similar to the leopard's coat. These fish should not be confused with the sting-rays which merely sting their prey with their long tails but possess absolutely no electrical energy. The electric ray is provided with natural electrical batteries, which are really modified muscle tissue. It is well known that when a muscle contracts, slight electrical changes take place. In this fish some of the muscles have lost their original power of contraction and become specialized as generators of electricity. The batteries are placed just behind the head one on either side. The electric ray is assumed to kill its prey by electrocuting it,, though it is not known definitely as to how exactly the fish uses its electrical powers. Presumably the fish lies on the bottom waiting for its prey and as soon as a fish comes close to it or in actual contact with its body the current is passed and the prey is either killed or stunned. The electric ray has complete control over its electric discharge and uses it only when it is absolutely necessary.

The electric-cat unlike the electric-ray is a fresh-water fish and is found in the river Nile. It is a species of the sheath-fishes, so called from their shape, which inhabit the rivers of

tropical Africa. The electric-cat is quite a formidable affair and measures four feet in length. The electric organ extends over the whole length of the body but is thickest in the abdominal region. It lies just below the skin and is made up of a number of cells which contain a firm jelly-like substance through which are distributed the numerous branches of the electric nerve, a single strong fibre, which begins from the spinal cord. It is also assumed, as in the case of the electric-ray, that the electric-cat uses its electrical energy for hunting down its prey. But it does so in a curious manner and only as a mere gangster's weapon. With its electric organ it bears down upon another fish and by a series of shocks forces the other fish to disgorge its latest meal, the food ejected being pounced upon by it greedily.

The most powerful of the electric fishes is the electric-eel known also as the Gymnotus. It is found abundantly in the rivers of Brazil and the Guianas and chiefly in the lower course of the river Amazon. It is usually six feet in length and to all appearances resembles the ordinary edible eel. It is capable of giving an electrical shock equivalent to 400 volts and invariably succeeds in killing its prey with its high-voltage battery. The electric organ is highly specialised and very complicated and consists of two pairs of bodies running lengthwise, between the skin and the muscle, one pair on the back of the tail and the other pair along the anal fin. Each of the four bodies that comprise the battery is composed of flat partitions or septa, running almost parallel to the length of the eel's body with transverse divisions between them. The septa intercept between them hundreds of minute cells which contain a jelly-like substance. This wide cellular surface is distributed throughout with more than two hundred electric nerves which are the continuations of the main electric nerves running down from the spinal cord.

From these observations we find that the natural electric batteries of all three fish are in general composed of cells which contain a gelatinous substance supplied throughout with electric nerves that take their origin from the spinal cord. There is some resemblance between the light-organ of deep-sea marine animals and the electric-organ of the electric fishes. In the light-organ there are glandular cells which secrete a mucous substance that has the power of emitting light. In the electric-organ there are also cells but these, instead of secreting a luminous mucous substance, contain a gelatinous substance which is charged with electricity through the help of numerous electric nerves, running from the spinal cord. But the function of both light and electric organs seems to be the same namely to help to secure prey. Such are some of the strange organs with which Mother Nature has equipped her 'fishy' children.

HANDPICKED HOWLERS

There was in her a notion and frequent imagination an eager expectation to get a clear reflection of the personification of Clym Yeobright. (Native woodnotes wild !)

Milton's only claim to being a human being was that he was a notorious wife-beater. (A scientist has said that 1,000,000 monkeys hammering on 1,000,000 typewriters for 1,000,000 years might, by pure chance, produce 'Paradise Lost').

Milton was assimilating facts nocturnally and ejecting them diurnally. (So the sausage-machine is *not* an American invention after all.)

The Beefeaters are yokels who eat beef. (So simple !)

The Greeks were fond of beauty because they lived in a land of beautiful vegetables. (The Surrealist painters have also realised the artistic possibilities of a vegetable marrow.)

Milton had to return suddenly to England from his Continental tour because of internal troubles. (And we always thought that it was Edward VII who started the fashion of appendicitis.)

LAMENTATIONS AT A LECTURE

Slow drops of sweat roll down my weary brow
As drear time lags on leaden feet ;
A mist obscures the droning teacher now
And sleep, soft sleep, brings darkness sweet.

A sudden nudge—I open startléd eyes,
He's giving notes, where is my pen ?
In cadence strong the fountained facts arise
Alas ! too swift for mortal men.

My hand is crampéd--O will he never cease
My watch-face mocks with cynic smile ;
I strain to hear the bell that brings release
While patches wet my book defile.

At last ! faint o'er the drowsy air it sounds
The lecturer hears it with dismay ;
The rattle of desks his saw confounds,
'Thank God ! ' with fervent heart I say.

MY EXPERIMENT WITH AHIMSA

By A. MADHAVA MENON, *Hons. 5, Br. vii.*

Those busy, energetic days of my middle age are still vivid and green in my memory. My beard was then my greatest possession, divinely bestowed, and a source of legitimate pride—a very luxuriant, shapely growth of rich black hair, with many shining white ones intertwined, the envy and despair of many a young aspirant to bearded glory. Life was full and rich and happy, and the disconcerting thoughts of the transitoriness of human existence never used to perturb me. The only great principle that captivated me was the Buddhistic doctrine of 'Ahimsa', to which, like Mahatma Gandhi, I was devoted to the greatest degree. Wherever I went, and whenever I got the opportunity, I waxed eloquent over the great doctrine. I was esteemed by all and sundry as the bearded personification of Ahimsa. When I felt my own greatness surging within me, I always covered my broad brow with a few voluntary wrinkles, and gently fingered my beard with a dignified smile.

Ahimsa was then the very spirit of my life. I tolerated even the silver-fish in my ward-robe, delivered long, touching sermons when my wife was angered by the lizards which trotted up and down the walls, and severely reprimanded the children when they tried to dissect frogs zoologically. When I walked, I scanned the path with discreet and careful eyes to prevent poor, helpless ants and cockroaches from coming under my feet. In short, Ahimsa was the main business of my life; I meditated on it, worked at it, wrote about it, talked about it, dreamt about it, and, I may confidentially tell you, had even nightmares about it.

Once, during a very hot day in the middle of summer, the sun being suffocatingly hot, I quietly crept out of my study, removed my sartorial inconveniences, and waited for some cool air. As I was sitting in the cool shade of a mango tree in the compound, I perceived an ant, running helplessly, tired and panting, cursing the terrible heat of the burning tropical sun. With my mind's eye, I visualised the little creature, his whole body covered with perspiration, approaching his death, and shedding tears, thinking of his wife and children, whose future was uncertain, in case he had to die. My heart melted within me. My cheeks glowed with compassion. I made a steely resolve to save the little beast from the angry Apollo, and to do or die in the attempt.

I approached him. How was I to rescue him from the murdering heat of the solar furnace? I scratched my brain, and thought for a moment. Eureka! Like a quiver of lightning the idea flashed across my brain. There was an ant-hill on a tree in the southern corner of the garden, and I would help the forlorn insect to rejoin its kith and kin. I was about to lift him up with my fingers, when the thought occurred to me that such a course of action might injure his delicate constitution. So gently I brought my bushy beard

invitingly close to him so that he might cling to the capillary network; he accepted the invitation, and rising to the occasion, behaved according to my expectations. Full of joy, I thanked the Almighty for affording me an opportunity to serve Him and a fellow-being, and proceeded to the southern corner of the garden where existed the ant-hill.

On reaching the place, I gently brought my beard close to the colony, so that the solitary insect reposing in my beard might step over to the portals of the home of his kin, free from the horrid heat of the god of the day. But, alas! instead of this one going to the colony, a large number emerged from the colony, and entered the 'verdurous glooms and winding ways' of my long beard, and began to indulge in youthful mischievous pranks issuing from overflowing animal spirits, like the over-fed and unscrupulous Italian men-at-arms running riot in the glee of victory amidst the clumps and bushes of the Ethiopian battle-fields! I tried to maintain Ahimsa in thought but I could not stand it. Praying for deliverance from this fusillade of stings and bites, I took courage, and massaged my beard vigorously with both hands, until the whole of the enemy detachment was annihilated, and the numerous ant-souls were despatched to Hades, there to rest in peace. How agonizing the cruelty of ungratefulness is!

Trying to save the life of one ant, I had to slay a colony of ants. That was enough for me. That evening I demolished my beard, and bade a final farewell to Buddha's doctrine; I was not at all worried of what Gandhiji might say.

Nowadays, sitting in my lounge-chair within my sanctum, watching the crimson sunset through the window overlooking the garden, my eyes wander to my old photograph on the table; that magnificent beard seems to disappear and re-appear alternately several times in the photograph; and my thoughts move retrospectively to the gallant battle of the good, old days, when a great hero fought, unarmed and single-handed, against a vast array of Lilliputian warriors, in the southern corner of my garden. The mind would be stirred by the ripple of an old thrill, not lost and submerged in the flow of years. I fancy (and grow proud) that the encounter is extraordinarily similar to the great mythological war, which was fought single-handed by Arjuna against a hundred Kauravas at Kurukshetra, as the story is told in the *Mahabharatha.*

PLANTS GROWN WITHOUT SOIL

By K. E. George, *IV B.Sc., Gr. iv*

It may appear to be strange to some, but it is a fact that plants can be grown without soil.

When man gave up a nomadic huntsman's existence, and settled down in one place, he concentrated more on the possibilities of agriculture, as he had to depend for his food mainly on the crops he cultivated. He made use of the fertile soil and the warm sunshine in the best way possible. Ever since, man had to rely upon the skill of the farmer for the supply of his food.

Recent developments in plant-physiology have shown that plants can very well be grown under artificial conditions in places devoid of natural soil. Now, there are several commercial growers of fruits and vegetables who do not come under the category 'cultivators of the soil'. The refinements of the method are due to American initiative, and the new system was tried all over the world and was found quite successful. In Los Angeles there is a large green-house worked on the new plan, which claims to be the best of its kind.

The basic scientific principle of this method is an old one, since it was known for several years that plants can be grown by directly supplying the nutriments to their roots, without the help of soil. But it was not quite easy to discover what substances were necessary for the active growth of plants, and in what proportion these substances were to be supplied. Plants are comparatively tolerant things and will grow to some extent even if there are slight deficiencies or excesses of some of the nutrient elements. But in order to obtain the maximum growth and yield the elements should be supplied in a definite and adequate proportion. This proportion may slightly vary with the different kinds of plants and the different stages of development. Some plants like certain elements more than others and some other elements may have a toxic effect on them. So also, certain elements are needed more in certain stages of growth, such as the fruiting time, and if these substances are supplied in carefully balanced amounts in the appropriate time the yield will be the maximum. However, recently adequate formulæ have been found out and that has revolutionised the method of agriculture.

The actual principle of this soil-less cultivation is quite simple, but for a large-scale production it needs an elaborate arrangement. There are several methods in use for feeding the plants with the nutritive solution, and in all these cases it is necessary to see that in addition to the food the roots must have a supply of air, since roots like any other living thing must breathe. So, generally the plants are grown in large trays containing sterilized sand or cinders. The solution is allowed to drip through this, and is run out into a trough at the bottom where it is collected. From this it is again pumped through the system. The trough is generally made of wood, so that harmful metals might not be given off into the solution. The

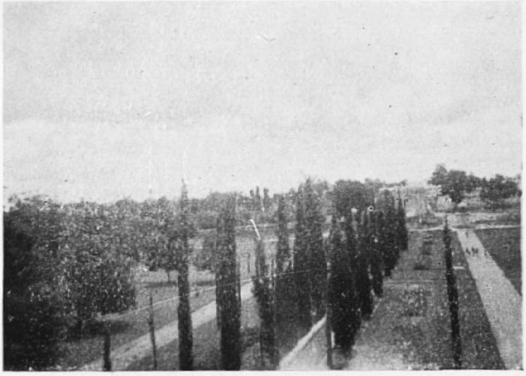
solution must be renewed from time to time as it becomes exhausted. In actual practice it has been found that the solution at first tends to become more concentrated. This is because plants absorb water faster than the salts. After some time the solution becomes more and more dilute as the salts also are being absorbed.

In the most completely soil-less method, even sand is dispensed with. The plants are simply suspended so that their roots dip down into the solution which is circulated through large shallow tanks. Some support for the stem is necessary, and it is usually provided by packing the plants into wire-trays with some soft packing material, such as straw. The plants are packed close together, since the nourishment available to them does not depend upon the amount of soil which their roots can reach, but by the rapidity of the circulation of the solution. The only deciding factor of the number of plants which can be got into a particular area is the necessity that they must be able to get sufficient sunlight.

The soil-less cultivation has now become very important, because of its manifold advantages. The fact that in this method the plants can be packed quite closely is of great economic importance, since it means a saving in expensive space. By this method it is possible to get the best out of plants. The regularity with which such good results are obtained and the considerable cutting down of labour by eliminating tedious tasks such as weeding are of great advantage to the cultivators.

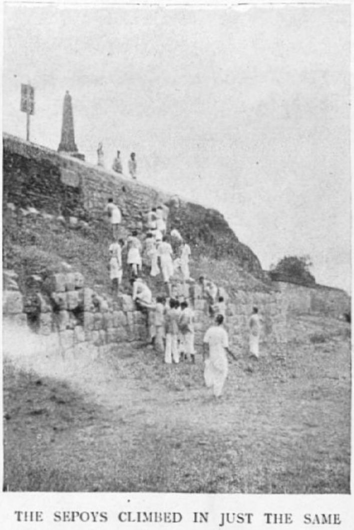
This water culture has also become very prominent in the field of gardening, since by carefully adding certain substances to the nutrient solution, we can give the desired colour to the flowers. Thus if we add small quantities of aluminium to the solution, the flowers will attain a blue colour. In the same way zinc compounds also influence the colour of flowers.

It is only a few years since the soil-less method of cultivation has come into a large scale use, and nobody can prophesy what it will develop into. It is one of the most striking new techniques which has been elaborated by biology. This method will be extremely valuable for specialized crops and may invade the whole field of market-gardening, where the advantages of dependability, and ease of operation would be most important. Since, by carefully manipulating the quantity of nutriment supplied, it is possible to influence the time of ripening of the crop, it will be of the greatest importance if this can be further developed.



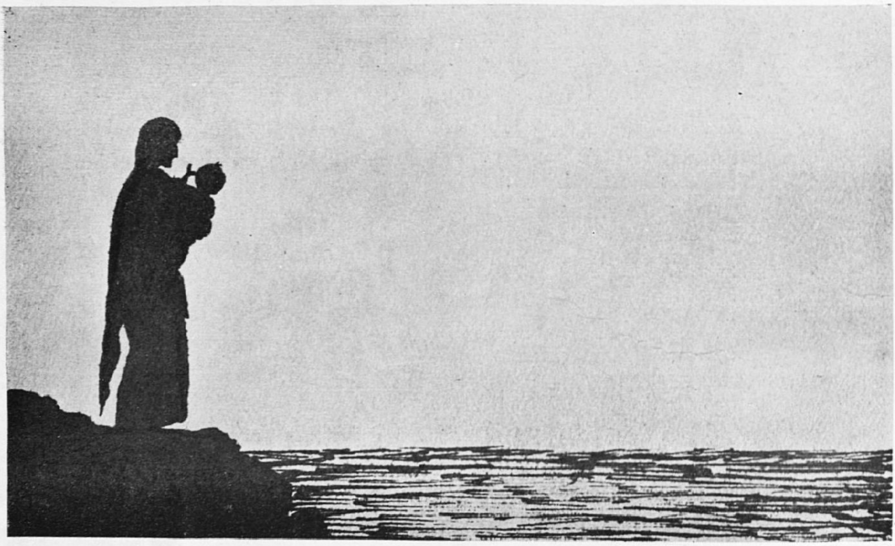
TIPPU'S SUMMER RESIDENCE

NOT THE SEPOYS OF THE 'OLD JOHN COMPANY'
BUT THE BOYS OF THE 'MILLER SCHOOL'
IN 1939



THE SEPOYS CLIMBED IN JUST THE SAME
MANNER—BUT IN THE DAYS OF TIPPU SULTAN

R. KAVERI AT SERINGAPATAM



THE CASTAWAY [*Susheel Chander*

OUR FORMER STUDENTS AND SOCIAL SERVICE

(Interesting Experiences as told by two of them)

REFRESHING RURAL WORK

BY

K. RAMACHANDRA RAO

I shall tell you how immensely useful we can be to the cause of India's regeneration, given only the love and willingness to work. What I write is directly from my personal experience and so it may be helpful to friends on the same path.

We, the 'educated unemployed' in Vellore, formed an Association and set to work seriously in the nearby villages. Our *programme*: we visit a village early in the afternoon, say at 2 p.m., armed with a Petromax, a magic Lantern (lent by the Municipality), a small loaf of bread for each, brown sugar, and little else. We discover the Village Munsiff's house and deposit our luggage on the pial*. We pay him in advance for a measure of milk for the night and then we set out in search of the village school. Before starting, if the Munsiff is disposed to talk, as he often is, we discuss with him and his friends about their crops, their cattle, their handicrafts and try to discover ways and means of bringing them help through the proper officials at Vellore. But the average villager depends so much on Providence, the weather and God's own Mercy that we feel helpless about him. As Gandhiji said, India is nothing if not intensely spiritual, and faith in God's protection of His children beats to the rhythm of our villager's heart.

Well, we spend some time with him and then go and visit the school. It does your heart good to see so many young and shining eyes look up at you with wistful surprise. By the way, our dress is the simplest possible and of course *Indian*. We then speak to the boys on simple things like cleanliness, unity, and value of education. Then we teach them some easy, tuneful, and topical group songs in Tamil, dealing with the Drink Evil, sanitation, lack of unity and also with love of country, patriotism, the noble virtues and the like.

Then we take them out on to the field and teach simple team games like Kho-kho, relay games, and organised Chedugudu; also football and volley ball when we happen to secure a few second-hand covers and bladders from the Vellore schools. The boys take to these games with gusto and joy, and it is a treat to watch them play.

Then, after dusk, at about 7 p.m., for then the farmers would have returned from the fields, we light our Petromax and lead a long singing procession through the streets of the village. The Petromax is an essential for our work and it gets together

* Verandah of a rural hut.

people at a meeting as no official circular can. Then we announce the meeting 'near the temple, under the banyan tree at 8 p.m.', and retire to our pial, to eat a hurried meal of bread, sugar and milk. The crowds gather by then around the Petromax under the tree and so we begin the meeting.

One of us introduces the rest, as having come from Vellore to spread the little light they have obtained, and to work together with the villagers for the betterment of Mother India. Then each of the others speaks on a subject like sanitation, personal cleanliness, untouchability, the evils of drink, prevention of disease, importance of rural industries to supplement the villager's meagre income, education of children, reading-rooms, organised games, polyangular agriculture (Dr. Kagawa's), adult night schools, the need to eschew white sugar and polished rice (these have entered our villages also), and such other topics. We are absolutely non-political, non-religious and are concerned only with the social, economical, physical, moral and intellectual betterment of our Rural folk. Then one of us shows the slides to substantiate the talks. These talks are interspersed with group songs (now fairly well learnt) by the villagers' own children, led by one of us. Then we break up at 10 p.m. or half past and seek our rest on the benches of the school or the munsiff's pial, for we do not believe in carrying our bedding and other comforts when out on such trips. The next morning we tour the village again and note the things to be brought from town, like pulleys for the well, books for the children, and papers and magazines for the reading-room. Then we take up either the Cheri or a street and clean it up well and completely for the day. It is an enjoyable business when a lot of us join and sing through the work. Sometimes we catch the dirty, unkempt boys of the Cheri, wash them well and comb their hair and dress them neatly. At other times we organise competitions for the cleanest child or distribute cheap wooden combs as an incentive to their regular use. Thus after a good day's work, we return home, thanking God for this opportunity to serve. We don't feel tired, we don't feel 'done up'; the village has refreshed us and new faces have inspired her.

I should mention that the small amount of money we need, comes from our yearly Variety Entertainments or Benefit Shows. Rural Reconstruction is in the air, and public support is readily forthcoming.

We open reading-rooms in villages where there are none; we open adult night schools run with the help of the educated members of the village, and we start sports clubs in every village. We are running a free adult night school for labourers in Vellore and we ourselves teach in it by turns every night from 7 to 10 p.m.

I tell you, friends, to receive the grateful namaskarams of the villager as he sees us work for him is one of the greatest joys of this world. It ennobles you, it lifts up the heart and assures you that you are rightly doing the work of God. There is no catch in it, there is no sentimentality. It is what people have felt, and we are feeling, through our experience that God's great work is always done by the humble and the meek. How happy the day when every young son of India should be a flame with enthusiasm and devotion for this great task which is really our birthright!

PROBATION OFFICER AND THE JUVENILE COURT

E. L. Visvanathan

If you watch the Juvenile Court at Madras from 8 a.m. to 1 p.m. on any Wednesday, you will see boys and girls who have committed offences, or who are uncontrollable or destitute. You will find that there are three Magistrates, of whom one is the Secretary of the Madras Children's Aid Society, another an Honorary Presidency Magistrate, and the third a Presidency Magistrate. All cases are decided by them.

You will hear many cases of theft being tried. In every one of these, one of the Probation Officers submits an elaborate report. (Boy offenders are dealt with by men Probation Officers, and girl offenders by women). The Probation Officer first questions the boy when he is in the Remand Home and gets as much detail as possible as to why and how he committed the offence. It must be always remembered that the Probation Officer is not a Police Officer and his main concern is the welfare of the delinquent child. In his report he writes about the character and habits of the boy's parents, the environment of the boy, his associates, his recreation and his school or employment record—in short every aspect of his life which would throw some light on the action of the boy. The Probation Officer while interviewing the teacher, employer or neighbours does not give the reason why he is enquiring about that particular boy. After summing up all the information, the Probation Officer gives his opinion about the boy and his conclusions thereon. If his opinion is favourable, the boy is placed on 'Probation'. Probation is for a maximum period of 12 months and the father or any other person who is interested in the boy stands surety for the boy's good behaviour during this period. While the boy is on Probation, the Probation Officer visits him once a week, or oftener if necessary, and maintains a file about each boy. If a boy is found unsatisfactory (i.e., if he is found constantly in the company of undesirable persons or gambling or committing other offences or often disappearing from home) during the period of Probation, he is called back by the Court who then send him to a Certified School. The Magistrates, besides placing the boys on Probation, direct them to attend one of the five night-schools attached to the Madras Children's Aid Society—if they are near any one of them—where a Probation Officer is in charge. The boys are also directed to attend the clubs either at George Town, Royapuram, Triplicane or Vepery for training as Scouts.

There are also boys who are uncontrollable and who are therefore brought before the Juvenile Court by their parents or guardians. These file a petition before the Juvenile Court stating that they cannot control the boy, and that he is frequently in bad company, which is not good for his future welfare. Here again the Probation Officer makes a thorough enquiry about the truth or otherwise of their allegations and submits his report to the Juvenile Court.

In most of these cases, the boys are kept in the Remand Home for some time and this gives the officers ample opportunities of judging their character and conduct. In cases where the boys promise to behave well at home, they are sent back to their parents or guardians and the Probation Officer

Christian Union.—

The College Christian Union is carrying out its usual programme. Besides arranging devotional services and organising study groups, students are helping in Sunday School work and in social service.

The S. C. M. Camp held last August at Red Hills proved of great value to all those who could attend it. Of the 120 members who were present at Red Hills, thirty were from our College. The addresses on 'Christian Youth and Family Life', 'Christian Youth and Education' and 'Christian Youth and the State', all based on the Camp theme 'The Christian Community in the Modern World', were delivered by Mrs. H. S. Hensman, Rev. S. W. Savarimuthu and Dr. E. Asirvatham respectively and the evening devotional addresses by Rev. S. S. Luckcock. Each meeting was followed by a group discussion on the same subject. Rev. R. S. Macnicol and Dr. D. Dasen were the Bible study leaders. The secretaries of the local Unions and those of the S. C. M. who were present at Red Hills resolved to organise in the second term a staff retreat under the auspices of the S. C. M. Accordingly, the last week-end of October was spent in Camp at Avadi. Twenty of the officers of the S. C. M. and of the local Unions were present, and our College was represented by the General Secretary. Rev. C. McGilvray of London Mission, Erode, Mr. J. Daniel, Headmaster, Board High School, Chittoor, and Mr. A. A. Paul, former secretary of the S. C. M. spoke respectively on 'Learning to Serve', 'The Christian Student in the non-Christian Institution' and 'An Ideal Christian Union'. The devotional addresses were delivered by Rev. C. McGilvray and Bible study was led by Dr. Innes from Vellore. This Camp was of great benefit and inspiration to the office-bearers of the S. C. M.

Our College Christian Union Camp has been postponed to the first week-end of January 1940. The Camp will be held in the Methodist Mission School and Bungalow at Vandalur. Mr. G. V. Job, the Headmaster, Columba's High School, Chingleput, and Rev. Canon R. A. Manuel, Puthur, Trichinopoly have kindly consented to speak at the Camp. A few others are expected. The subjects of the addresses based on the Camp theme, 'Remaking India' will be 'The Promises of God', 'The Real Hindrances today', 'Remaking Society', 'The Cost of Remaking India' and 'Where and How do we begin?'

I hope a large number of students and members of staff will attend the Camp 'to be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man'.

G. GNANASIGAMONY,
General Secretary.

The College Dramatic Society

After a hibernation of perhaps a decade the College Dramatic Society has wakened into life again. The success of the performance of 'Hamlet' last year inspired this re-awakening while also making it clear that dramatic endeavour had to be systematically promoted and also controlled and co-ordinated on a College-wise scale.

Mr. Martin kindly consented to be the first President of the Society under the new dispensation; at a meeting held towards the beginning of this term a Secretary and three Hall representatives were elected; a

representative of the non-residents has also been elected to the committee.

For the present we are aiming at a limited membership of between thirty and forty: not to all does it come to follow the histrionic muse or to pay the entrance fee of four annas (though many have loyally done the latter).

Shakespeare has been abandoned for this year's performance, and it has been decided to present two or three short plays by modern authors. This performance will not, as last year, coincide with the College Day celebrations, but should come about the end of February. The plays having been chosen, the victims will soon be allotted their parts, and the weary business of rehearsing will start next term.

The Society at present is just twitching with life; still, it *is* alive and though it is composed of the Elect, the Chosen Few, its aim is the entertainment of everybody, and we are, therefore, hoping for enthusiastic general co-operation in our High Task of reviving an interest in things dramatic in the College.

G. H. Jansen,
Secretary.

Literary Society

The debate scheduled during the last term on 'The country is preferable to a town as a setting for a College' was held only during the beginning of this term. J. F. Stirling supported the motion and R. R. Benjamin opposed it. Mr. S. Padmanabhan acted as the observer. The motion was carried by the narrow margin of one vote. On November 1, 1939, K. P. Balakrishna Menon and E. A. Srinivasan spoke on 'The Unity of India and the minority problem', Mr. J. Vedasiromani presiding. A discussion on 'Will Prohibition be a success under the present Government?' was held on Wednesday, 22nd November, 1939, at which S. Natarajan, and U. N. Ramachandran were the main speakers. S. Shivraj, one of our members presided, and we had a good attendance and a lively debate. This meeting terminated our programme of activities for this term.

R. R. Benjamin,
Secretary.

The English Honours Association

There is yet to be mentioned an item which belongs to our last term's programme of meetings. Mr. Govardhana Rao (P. G. class) read a paper on *Edward II—Richard II.* Mr. Ramachandra Agasty presided. The subject was a comparative study of the characters of the two plays and besides to a certain extent the characteristics of the dramatists. A very heated discussion followed the paper.

This term we began our activities rather late. On the 18th of October Rev. R. S. Macnicol addressed the association on the subject *Why Read Chaucer?* and Mr. G. C. Martin (our President) presided. It was a very pleasant, interesting and instructive talk. The President in his concluding remarks thanked the Speaker.

The next meeting was a debate under the Presidentship of Rev. R. S. Macnicol and Mr. G. C. Martin the resolution being that *Shakespeare's Plays are suited to representation on the Modern Stage and Screen.* Messrs. George Muller, Raghava Menon and Gowda spoke for and Messrs. Srinivasa Raghavan, Kurien and Jansen opposed the resolution. Both parties

argued ably. One of the main points of the supporters was that Shakespeare, a man for all time and purposes, meant his plays to be performed. Certainly this argument could not have been overthrown, but by such (on the other side) as seemed to possess a more keen insight into the psychological relationship and the æsthetic connection between audiences and plays. The motion was lost by 7 against 17 votes.

As Mr. Macnicol had another urgent appointment he had to leave before time, his place being taken by Mr. G. C. Martin. The President in his concluding speech made a few remarks of course, as he himself observed, taking a middle ground. His opinion that Shakespeare should be allowed to escape from the 'two pasteboard' covers for the benefit of all, and not merely of students and professors is really an apology for representing his plays on the stage.

Mr. S. Krupananda Reddi will read a paper on 'The Coverley Papers' at our next meeting.

PHILIP JAGANNATHAN,
Secretary.

Tamil Sangam

The Tamil Sangam cannot but be proud of having celebrated 'Bharathi Day' for the first time in her history. On Tuesday, the 5th of September, 'Bharathi Day' was celebrated when Srimati V. M. Kothainayaki Ammal delivered an instructive, inspiring address with many songs on 'The Art of Bharathi'. Vidwan T. M. Meenakshisundaram Pillai, M.A., B.L., M.O.L., occupied the chair. In connection with the above celebration, a music competition on Bharathi Songs was held on the same day when two prizes of Bharathi works were awarded to two successful competitors, namely Messrs. V. N. Ramachandran and G. K. Ramachandran.

Another meeting was held on the 11th of October, when Vidwan Miss Masillamony, B.A., L.T., (Women's Christian College) spoke on 'A Study of Tamil Novels'. The student president presided.

A debate was held on the 7th of November, when Sri T. Chengalvarayan, B.A., LL.B., moved the proposition 'That in the opinion of this House, Legislation is the best way for introducing Social reforms'. Messrs. Panchapakesa Sarma and P. S. Raman supported the motion. Sri A. K. Paranthamanar opposed the motion while Messrs. Samarapuri Mudaliar and Vellayan supported him. The proposition when put to vote was carried by a vast majority.

Sri V. Kalianasundara Mudaliar who acted as the observer made a few remarks pertinent and helpful.

In all the meetings held this term attendance was very encouraging, and I hope it will be so in future also.

T. G. RANGANATHAN,
Secretary.

Malayalee Association

The Onam festival was celebrated successfully on Saturday, 26th July, 1939. The function began with dinner at 1 p.m., after which Onam games were played. At 5-30 p.m., a public meeting was held in the Anderson Hall, Mr. O. F. E. Zacharias presiding. Mr. V. C. Padmanabha Menon, B.A., the president of the Association, welcomed the audience. Then followed a humorous speech by Mr. Zacharias.

After the meeting there was a Variety Entertainment, comprising Margam Kali, songs, Indian dance

by Mr. C. K. Kurien and Mr. Krishnamurthy, Kalaripayat (military exercises) by Mr. Balakrishna Eradi, and a drama adapted from the Malayalam novel *Indulekha* in which Mr. K. P. Kumara Menon acted well the part of Surya Nambudiri. A vote of thanks was proposed by the Secretary Mr. K. A. Verghese.

Rev. Fr. T. S. Abraham presided over a meeting which was held on 23rd October at 6 p.m. when Mr. M. C. Chandy spoke on 'Kerala Culture'.

On 3rd November Sarasagayakakavi Mr. K. M. Mathen Tharakan gave a lecture on 'Lyrics in Malayalam Literature'. Mr. Titus Verghese, M.A., who presided over the meeting, expressed his admiration for the talented young poet.

In a meeting held on 20th November, Mr. K. C. Narayana Kurup, B.A., spoke on 'Mahakavi Kumaranasan and Chandalabhikshuki'. I am thankful to the College Union Council for giving us some financial help.

K. A. VERGHESE,
Secretary.

Karnataka Bhashabhi Vardhini Sangham

This term we held only one meeting on the 8th of November under the presidentship of Vidwan K. Narasinga Rao, B.A., L.T. It was a 'hat-night' and the members of the Sangham talked on various topics of interest such as the advance India has made these years and modern Kannada Poetry.

N. NAGESAPPA CHETTY,
Secretary.

Sanskrit Association

To form the Sanskrit Association, a meeting of all the Sanskrit students was convened by K. Venkateswara Rao on Friday 11th August, 1939, which was presided over by Vidwan K. Narasinga Rao, B.A., L.T. Mr. U. Venkatakrishna Rao, M.A., spoke on the occasion, and the president stressed the necessity for an Association of this sort. At that meeting the following office-bearers for the year 1939–40 were elected.

Mr. U. Venkatakrishna Rao, M.A., —*President.*

K. Venkateswara Rao—*Secretary.*

U. N. Ramachandra Rao—*Assistant Secretary.*

Class representatives were also elected.

The inaugural address of the above Association was delivered by Sri S. Satyamurti, M.L.A., on 6th September, in St. Thomas's Hall. Dr. Nagaraja Sarma of the Central Assembly presided. The illuminating and interestingl ecture of the speaker and the concluding remarks of the president, marked by sallies of wit and humour, were among the pleasing features of the function. The meeting was attended by a large gathering.

Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastriar delivered the second lecture under the auspices of the Sanskrit Association, the subject being, 'Kalidasa's conception of the Beautiful'. The speaker made a fervent appeal for the study of our classics. The meeting was attended by a large gathering, and Mr. U. Venkatakrishna Rao, M.A., presided.

We request the members of the Association and all others to take greater interest in the work of the Association and to co-operate with us in making it successful this year.

K. VENKATESWARA RAO,
Secretary.

The Mathematics Association

This term we were fortunate to get Mr. P. Kesava Menon, Research Student, University of Madras, and an old student of our College, to speak to us on some of his own researches on 'A Generalisation of the Circular and the Hyperbolic Functions' on the 10th of October. Menon's C-function and H-function satisfy differential equations like those of the circular and hyperbolic functions, and have similar sets of zeroes. We look forward to hearing much more about them.

There will be another meeting of the Association on 16th November, when Dr. Kibble has kindly consented to give a lantern lecture on 'Geometrical Patterns in Moghul Architecture'.

S. R. MESSIAHDOSS,
Secretary.

Physical Science Society

The following were the lectures arranged by the Society this year till the end of October.

Subject	*Speaker*
'X-rays and Discharge Tubes'	Mr. P. S. Srinivasan, M.A.
'Unsaturation' ...	Dr. Ananthakrishnan, M.A., PH.D.
'Water Analysis'	Rao Saheb T. N. S. Raghavachari, B.A.
'Solar observations'	Dr. Kibble.

We are very thankful to all the speakers and specially to Dr. Ananthakrishnan of Annamalai University and Rao Saheb T. N. S. Raghavachari of King Institute, Guindy, for coming to the College to deliver their valuable lectures under the auspices of our Society.

It is to be regretted that the attendance in these meetings was poor, except for one or two lectures with practical demonstrations. We therefore request the members to take more interest in the activities of the society.

On 1st November, 1939, we went to King Institute, Guindy, on an excursion. Since admission could be secured only for a limited number, only the Chemistry students visited the Institute, because of its special value for them. The party had a useful time there, and we thank the staff of the Institute for the hospitality and kindness they have shown us.

P. V. MATHEW,
V. NARASIMHAN,
Secretaries.

The Radio Club

The Radio Club is progressing quite well. We have fortnightly lectures by Dr. Moses and hope to make some members of the Club experts in wireless.

The new Radio purchased by the College works remarkably well but it is a wonder why it does not attract large audiences as it was expected to do.

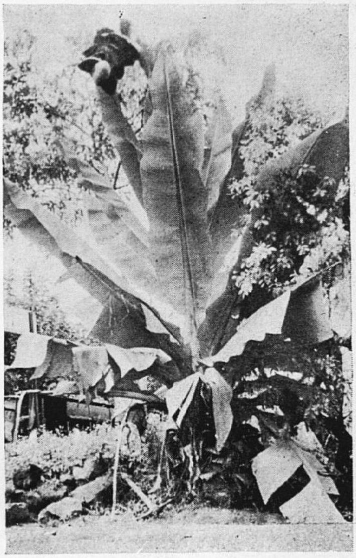
The Club is expecting to start practical set construction from the beginning of the next term.

V. NARASIMHAN,
Secretary.

Natural History Society

Since the publication of our last report we have been very busy. Many lectures were arranged and we are thankful to the members for having evinced great enthusiasm and interest in our multifarious activities.

US AND OURS



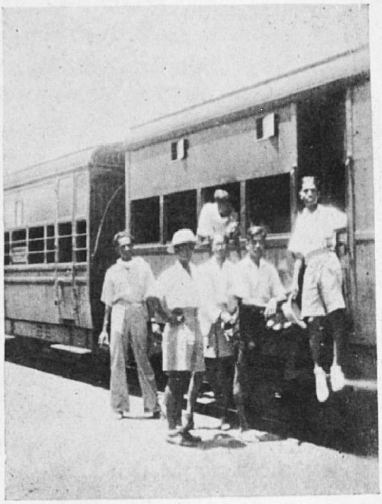
FOREST PLANTAIN IN BLOSSOM

AT THE FOOT OF THE GIANT

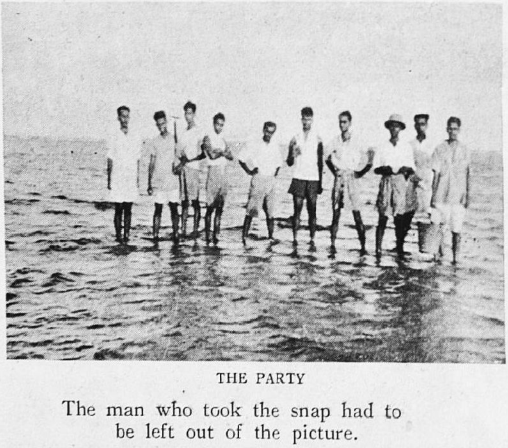
IN THE HEART OF THE FOREST: ROUGH AND TUMBLE

THE KRUSADI PARTY

ON THE CORAL REEF



WAITING FOR FOOD AT DHANUSHKODI WHICH NEVER ARRIVED



THE PARTY

The man who took the snap had to be left out of the picture.

RAMESWARAM TEMPLE

On 22nd August, 1939, Dr. F. H. Gravely, Curator of the Madras Museum, gave us a very interesting lecture on 'Voices of Insects'. Mr. C. Lakshminarayanan presided.

On 30th August, 1939, Dr. M. O. Parthasarathy Iyengar, Director, Department of Botany, Madras University, gave us a lecture on 'Some types of South Indian Vegetation'. The lecture was very useful and interesting to our students. Mr. M. S. Sabhesan presided on the occasion.

The following day Dr. T. K. Koshy, Science College, Trivandrum, talked to us on 'The Structure of Chromosomes and Mechanics of Mitosis'. Dr. J. P. Joshua was the President that day.

On 5th September, 1939, Miss E. Hartmann, W. C. C., Madras, showed us some films of botanical interest accompanied by a lecture on 'Photosynthesis'. Mrs. Barnes—our good, old, kind matron—presided, and made us quite cheerful.

On 10th October, 1939, Dr. Tirumurthi, Principal, Stanley Medical College, spoke to us on 'Glands determining Personality' with Dr. K. E. Thomas in the chair.

On 8th November, 1939, Mr. M. S. Sabhesan gave a lecture on 'Protoplasm as a House-Builder'. Needless to say the lecture was both humorous and instructive. Mr. T. N. Venkatanathan presided.

On 23rd November, 1939, Mr. Gopala Iyer, Director, Department of Zoology, Madras University, gave a lecture on 'Marine Biological Studies'. Dr. Joshua presided.

All the lectures were illustrated by lantern-slides and we are certain that they have unconsciously and admirably added to our knowledge a great deal of the 'unknown'.

During the period under report there were three meetings of the Committee, and the Secretaries sincerely thank all its members for help generously given.

All our meetings were very well attended.

The Zoology Department went on an excursion to Krusadai Islands during the Michaelmas holidays. They returned with valuable 'spoils' and held a conversazione on Monday 2nd October, 1939, when they exhibited and explained the specimens they had collected during their sojourn at Krusadai. The Botany B.Sc., students went on an excursion to Cochin State. They too collected innumerable specimens of varied interest and were immensely benefited by the tour. The Botany Laboratory has visibly expanded having taken in many of these fresh collections.

This Society organised an excursion to Thiruneermalai on 12th October, 1939, and it was one of the many triumphs for us. We made many good collections among which are included two little reptile-friends.

K. Venkatesaperumal,
K. S. Seshachari,
Jt. Secretaries.

ZOOLOGY EXCURSION TO KRUSADAI ISLAND

(Jacob Abraham, *B. Sc. Hons.* 5, *Br. v*)

A party of ten Zoology Honours Students led by Dr. Joshua and Mr. Ganapathy left Tambaram by the Indo-Ceylon Express on Friday the 8th of September. The journey was very pleasant in spite of the overcrowded compartment in which we travelled and we reached Pamban junction at about 3 p.m. From the railway station a ten-minute walk

brought us to the water's edge—the Pamban channel in the gulf of Mannar, and we crossed over to Krusadai in a boat. Owing to an unfavourable wind we took over two hours to reach our destination, a journey usually done in half an hour in a favourable wind. We reached Krusadai at dusk and were welcomed by Mr. Varadarajan, the resident research assistant and a former student of our college.

Krusadai is one of a string of islands lying between Rameswaram and Tuticorin. The southern side of the island and the eastern part of the northern shore are entirely sandy, but the western part of the northern shore is very muddy and fringed with mangroves. Hence the eastern and western ends of the island are known as Sandy Point and Bushy Point respectively.

The Madras Fisheries Department Bungalow is situated not far from the Sandy Point. It is laboratory, museum and office combined and is the biggest building on the island, and we stayed in this building for about a week.

We went to different parts of the island and to some of the neighbouring islands and also to the Pamban Bridge and studied the animals in their natural surroundings. Each day we were at the collecting ground an hour before the low tide. We had therefore to get up very early in the morning. Hammers, chisels, forks, spades, buckets, glass jars and tubes, forceps and hand lenses had to be carried, and on our return we came loaded with these collecting materials and the different kinds of animals we managed to catch. It was strenuous work, but then it was enjoyable. The accompanying map shows the important things we got at the different places.

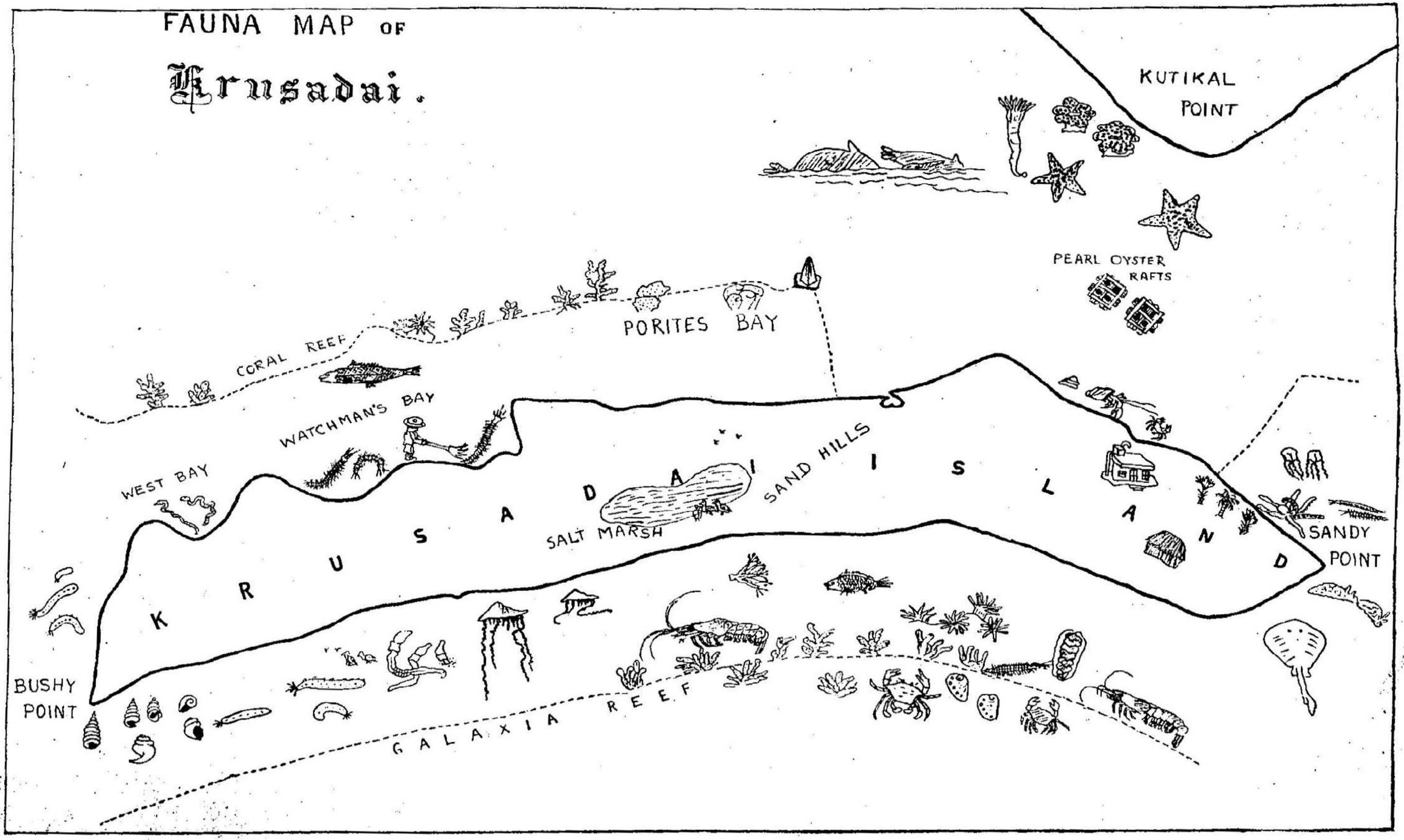
The coral reef which bounds the island on many sides is an interesting place. This reef which is built of living or dead corals is partly exposed at low tide and gives shelter to an interesting assemblage of forms. We were really amazed to find the bountiful number of animals and the luxuriant growth of sea weeds which filled the gaps in the rock and it afforded a veritable bonanza for the eager student.

Apart from the strictly zoological aspect of the excursion we had plenty of opportunity for splendid outdoor activities. Sea-bathing, swimming, boating and fishing were our main pastimes. Dr. Joshua shot many sea birds, and fish was available in plenty everywhere. This additional attraction was thus very pleasant for the non-vegetarians of the party.

On Saturday the 16th we left Krusadai and crossed over to Kutikal Point on the Rameswaram island. From there we walked to the Pamban Rly. Station and boarded a train for Rameswaram. There we visited the famous temple. At noon we went to Dhanuskodi and saw the pier. From Dhanuskodi we boarded the Madras Express and Sunday morning found us back in Tambaram full of spirits.

The excursion was a blessing to us all. We had a brilliant opportunity for seeing the animals we studied about, in their natural surroundings and we had the thrill of handling many live animals which were to us only dead museum specimens and text-book figures. We were also able to collect many specimens not represented in our college museum and thus our trip has substantially added to the stock in the musuem.

We thank the college for having arranged this very enjoyable excursion


FAUNA MAP OF
Krusadai.
KUTIKAL POINT
PEARL OYSTER RAFTS
PORITES BAY
CORAL REEF
WATCHMAN'S BAY
WEST BAY
SAND HILLS
SALT MARSH
KRUSADAI ISLAND
SANDY POINT
BUSHY POINT
GALAXIA REEF

and Dr. Joshua and Mr. Ganapathi for the great interest they showed for our benefit.

The Philosophical Association

On 2nd November, 1939, Mr. C. Laksminarayanan, M.A., addressed us on 'The Origin and Evolution of Life', when Dr. J. F. Butler presided. The speaker in the course of his lecture said that life is the fundamental differentiating factor between living and non-living things. After expounding the various theories of the origin of life, he held that the theory that life begets life was the most satisfactory. He also traced Darwin's theory of evolution bringing out clearly how natural selection, struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest play their part in the process.

Mr. Sri Ram, Recording Secretary of the Theosophical Society, delivered a lecture on 'Can India Lead the World Spiritually?', on 3rd November. Rev. S. Samuel presided. During the course of his talk Mr. Sri Ram said that India has a record of great scientific achievements, but the Indian temperament being subjective, she can, if she maintains her traditional intuitive spirit, lead the world in spiritual matters. The lecturer kindly answered several questions put to him after his speech.

To help the Secretary in organising lectures, Mr. K. M. Talgeri has been elected as Assistant Secretary by the Committee.

C. R. PAULUS,
Secretary.

History and Economics Association

On 17th October Professor C. S. Srinivasachari, M.A., Head of the Department of History, Annamalai University, addressed the Association on 'Some aspects of South Indian History', in the Selaiyur Hall Theatre. It was largely attended and the lecture was very interesting. Mr. J. Cyril Raj, B.A., the Student Chairman, presided.

On 9th November, Dr. Dodwell, I.C.S., Deputy Financial Secretary to the Government of Madras delivered a lecture on 'The Federal Union of Democracies—A New World Order'. Mr. E. J. Bingle, M.A., presided on the occasion. After the lecture, the students had their doubts cleared on this debated problem of 'A New World Order'.

We have arranged for a meeting towards the end of this term by Dr. P. J. Thomas, University Professor of Economics.

S. SUNDARA RAJAN,
Secretary.

ATHLETICS

Playing Fields

The South-West monsoon has been fairly active so far and there is still good prospect of more rains to come. The dry and barren playing fields have again put on the green mantle, though a good deal of the grass was destroyed during the drought.

The Cricket pitch was used this year for the first time and all our matches were played on turf. It is considered by all who are competent to speak that we have managed to produce an excellent pitch that can compare favourably with the best. It was subjected to some severe tests during the season and has stood up wonderfully well.

Football

The high hopes of our winning the League Championship were somewhat shattered by our two defeats at the very end of the season—by the School of Technology and the Engineering College. Though we are told on all sides that we are the best team in the whole League, yet we were forced to share honours with the two above teams who also have secured the same number of Championship points as ourselves. However, we are still Champions of the League even though we have to share that honour with two other institutions. By the way, this is the first time within the last ten years or so that we have come up to the very top of the Championship Table and our team deserves the highest praise for their excellent performance. It is hoped that in the Wilson Cup tournament next term we shall assert our superiority more decisively.

We were informed a few days ago that we had been declared the Champions of the Madras Division in the Inter-Divisional tournament conducted by the Madras University. We will now have to meet the winners of the Bangalore Division early next term before we come to the finals to play the winners of the other two Divisions -- Trichinopoly-Madura and the West Coast. There is every likelihood of our team winning the University Championship eventually, if we keep up our present form.

The Football Second XI has created history by being the first Second XI to represent the College in a tournament, for they have been entered for the tournament conducted by the Muhammadan College. We hope they will give a good account of themselves and will make this experiment a success.

Hockey

Like the Football team, the Hockey team also won all its matches except two, which were lost. Thus we finish up second on the Championship Table. It may be remembered that we were second even last year which is no mean performance. The team has been doing very well this year and, with better luck, we would have won the Championship. However, luck does play a hand in every game and we must all learn to take the rough with the smooth. The team is quite confident of winning the Stokes Shield next term. We wish the team all success.

Cricket

We had three more matches to play at the end of last term. Of these only one has been actually played—that against the Loyola College. It was a memorable match and we won it after an exciting game. On a wet wicket we were dismissed for a small total of 88 runs, the lowest score of the season so far. Our opponents went in to bat confident of an easy victory. It looked as though we would be beaten by ten wickets when they were 53 for no loss. Some smart fielding supporting good bowling caused the entire team being dismissed for the addition of only 28 runs. Thus we won the match by a margin of 7 runs. Incidentally, it showed that our men can field well if they so decide. The match with the Stanley Medical College is not to be played as they have given us a walk-over while the match with the Law College had to be postponed on account of rains.

The Salem Gymkhana Club paid us a visit on Deepavali day. The wicket was sodden with several days' heavy rain and it was feared that the match would have to be abandoned. However, we decided to play and we batted first after winning the toss. The visitors had brought their best team and we could score only 28 runs against the deadly bowling of R. Spitteler (our ex-captain) and J. B. Brown. On a slow pitch every one made the mistake of playing the ball too soon. Our opponents did not fare much better, for they lost their best six batsmen for only 24 runs. The tail, however, wagged vigorously and raised the total to 80 before the whole side was out. Ahmed Ali Khan was our most successful bowler securing 6 wickets at the expense of only 13 runs, in 9 overs one of which was a maiden. We went in to bat a second time and scored 62 runs. The visitors scored the required 12 runs to win at the expense of one wicket.

Basketball

As predicted by the team last term we won the Loyola College tournament by defeating the Engineering College in the final. This is the second time in three years that we win this tournament. It is suggested that we should take part in the Olympic tournament in January next and make a bid for even higher honours.

The Inter-Hall Basketball tournament will be held early next term. This is held on the league basis, each Hall playing every other Hall once. Selaiyur have been champions for the last two years but it is doubtful if they will retain the Championship this year.

Boxing

We have won the Inter-Collegiate Championship for the third successive year by winning 12 points out of a possible 13. The one point that we lost was on account of one man not turning up for the finals due to injury. Our nearest rivals, the Medical College, secured 4 points. Thus our victory was decisive, and, as someone remarked, we couldn't have lost the Championship unless we had tried very hard! 16 boxers took part in the tournament and 9 came up to the finals. Four other Colleges—Medical, Y.M.C.A., Engineering and Presidency, competed for the Championship and there was a record number of entries this year. The standard of boxing, especially of our boxers, was very high. Our team deserves great credit for their excellent performance and their remarkable victory. We

27 goals. G. Ramamurthy, right-inner, was perhaps the cleverest of our players. Though an expert dribbler he could also finish well and netted 20 goals. He is a real asset to the team and we are happy that he will be with us next year also. His colleague on the other side, G. Manikam, left-inner, gave more than ample support as his 12 goals go to show. Kumararaj Joseph and P. J. Thomas filled the difficult wing positions adequately, keeping the attack well concentrated. T. M. George and C. J. Cherian also wingers were not full-time players but nevertheless acquitted themselves very creditably. George played in two matches and he has 3 goals to his credit and Cherian played in one and scored once. A. C. Nanjappa and Ramaiah gave good accounts of themselves whenever they filled the gaps.

Our very trustworthy defence pivoted round L. P. Charles, the centre-half, who gave of everything that trying part demands; coolness, anticipation, endurance and attack (he scored three goals for us); he led and sustained the defence yet initiated our attacks with great cleverness. G. Punnose played at left-half and was most dependable. Our backs Amrita Raj and Ramakrishna Menon and goalie T. V. John did not have much to do but did it well.

No small measure of our success is due to our President Mr. Macnicol who loyally attended all our matches and boisterously yelled himself hoarse on many occasions! His encouraging shouts, especially, 'Don't blame the referee, but play the game', heartened us very greatly. His keen interest in us was also shared by Mr. C. A. Abraham.

We must not forget to mention the keenness of the players in the Second XI who, in addition to winning their own games have contributed in no small measure to the success of the First XI. We are glad to have reached the top flight and the excellent material on the Second XI leads us to hope that our success will be repeated.

JACOB CHERIAN,
Spectator.

(The Second XI)

The Second XI created a precedent by winning the colours. This was largely due to the keen interest taken by our President, and the captain of the First XI. The keenness and enthusiasm of the Second players is noteworthy.

The first match of the season was against the Madras Christian College High School, whom we beat by 6 goals to one. On that day, our forwards played a great game, especially T. M. George who is the mainstay of our attack. He was responsible for 3 goals. Our second match was against the Presidency 'B'. They played with their First XI forward. But our players played a keen game, and we won by 4 goals, T. M. George being responsible for 2 goals. The next match was against the Tambaram Sports Club, and we were rather unlucky to lose the game by 2 goals to 3, after leading by 2 goals to nil till the interval.

The first match in the second term was against the Combined Staff and Students of the Christian College High School. We were handicapped that day as we had to supply four of our players to the First XI. Moreover we had to play on a wet ground. We were rather unlucky to lose, the score being 1–2.

The next match against Tambaram Sports Club was played on our grounds. We avenged our former defeat by winning, the score being 3 goals to 1. The scorers were T. M. George one, P. Balan one, M. P. John one.

The Second XI has a fine forward line which combines very well. T.M. George leads the attack with C. M. Poulose and P. Balan on the left and C. J. Cherian and M. P. John on the right. They are ably supported in the defence by K. John, A.C. Nanjappa, P. R. Kumara Menon as the half-backs and by Ramakrishna Menon and I. B. Khan in the back. Our goalie K. K. John (otherwise known as Field Marshal Korathu) keeps the goal very well except on occasions when he uses his feet too much and his hands too little. Nanjappa in the field always plays a calm and cool game, leading the attack and defence very well. The Second XI has proved to be so successful that in one of the inter-collegiate matches, four members of the Second XI represented the College, two forwards, and two defences. Our enthusiastic Captain, P.R. Kumara Menon has led the team well.

Basket-Ball

From the last year's team only 3 players, Devavaram, A. Kurian and George Punnoose remained. But there was a large number of players to choose from, and the team was selected in a hurry just before the Bertram Memorial tournament commenced. Parthasarathy, K. K. John and Newton Thomas strengthened the forward line and Kumara Raj, K. Cherian and P. A. George formed a heavy defence. We won the first match of the tournament against Loyola College, by a good margin of 23 points to 14. In our second match against the Law, we had a comparatively easy time, though our opponents put up a tough fight, the score being 32–12, Parthasarathy and Kurian scoring 12 points each. This brought us to the finals with the Engineers, but before meeting them we improved our game by constant practice. Several matches were arranged at home and away with the Madras Olympic teams, who too wanted practice for their Mysore tournament. But we gained most from the latter, since their game was a grade higher in standard. We soon established an ideal combination in the team, increased the speed of our offence and made our defence sure and almost formidable. Consequently, we had a very easy time with the Engineers winning by a wide margin of 44 points to 16. Parthasarathy was our top scorer (26 points) being ably assisted by Kurian and Punnoose. But the real strength of the team lay in the 'terrible' defence and fine feeding given by the backs Devavaram and Kumara Raj.

Thus we have had the consolation and pride of having done something creditable this year, by winning the Bertram Shield and Permanent Cup.

A. Kurian,
Captain.

Hockey

We ended last term by winning two matches and started the new term by defeating the Muhammadan, Pachaiyappa and Loyola Colleges.

The latter game was very interesting from start to finish. They took the lead soon after the start, but it did not take long for our forwards to settle down and Keir scored 4 out of the 5 goals with his first timers. Loyola

played well, but our backs Nipps, Hunt and Ramakrishnan were more than a match for their forwards.

The score was (4–4) for about five minutes before full time but a clever move of short passing between the inner trio earned us the winning goal.

Against the Medicals we had very bad luck and were handicapped without the aid of Ramakrishnan, pivot. Realising the odds we played with determination and took the lead (2–0) and maintained it till midway through the second half. But as chance would have it the Medicoes were awarded about 15 short corners and succeeded in converting three.

In this game Brew distinguished himself, saving many a difficult shot.

Nevertheless, we played well and we lost because Luck turned her face against us.

We had an easy victory over the Stanley Medicals beating them by 6 goals to 2 and succeeded in defeating the School of Technology (3–2). This was a game of missed chances. Our forwards reached the D by fine short passing but missed the goal by erratic hitting.

The last game of the season against the Engineers, the Conqueror of the Y. M. C. A., proved an easy victory for us (6–1). In all departments we were superior and Keir struck form scoring 4 out of the 6 goals including the hat trick.

With a team like ours we are very hopeful of doing well in the Stokes Shield Tournament next term and I don't see why we should not win it with a little determination and team work.

H. Coyne,
Captain.

Cricket

This year, though our team is not as strong as it was last season, yet it is a well-balanced one, the batting and the bowling being good. As usual, in the department of fielding, we as a team have till now failed to do anything outstanding. This is probably due to some of our players thinking that fielding is something mean and degrading and not turning up for practice, and also not realising that bad fielding means helping our opponents to win.

We have till now played six Inter-Collegiate matches, winning three and losing the rest. Of the three practice matches played, two have been won and one lost.

In batting T. A. Janakiram, G. Shanmugam, and B. Bhasker Rao, (Captain) have been the most consistent batsmen, while V. Ramakrishnan is our mainstay in batting and fielding. George Abraham and Harikrishnan have been rather unlucky, but they are sure to make high scores in the coming matches. M. A. Belliappa, A. W. Keir and Ganesan have bowled excellently throughout with Nanjappa proving quite a smart wicket-keeper.

We played our sixth Inter-Collegiate match against the Loyola College on our grounds and won by 7 runs after an exciting struggle. They won the toss and put us in to bat first on a wet wicket. We who were short of two of our good batsmen, V. Ramakrishnan and G. Shanmugam, were all out for 88 runs, after the first wicket had put on 40 runs. Janakiram (31), Keir (17) and Bhasker Rao (10) were the only three batsmen to reach double digits. Loyola who had an excellent batting side entered next and were all out for 81 runs, after being 56 for no loss at one time. For

once, and that on that day did we field as a team, and some brilliant catches were taken, by Bhasker Rao, two by by Alikhan and one by Harikrishnan. Keir and Belliappa bowled magnificently, supported by R. T. Parthasarathy, and Ganesan, and aided by magnificent fielding; and Loyola could muster but 81 runs. This victory clearly proves that if only our players realise the value of team work and good fielding, we are sure to win the rest of the matches.

The success of the team this season has been largely due to the enthusiasm of its members, and I hope that the keenness that the players have so far shown will in no way diminish right on to the end of the season.

B. BHASKER RAO,
Captain.

SUPPLEMENTARY REPORT

We have won the last two matches played this term, the first against Loyola College by seven runs, and the other against the Law College by six wickets. V. Ramakrishnan proved his batting ability by scoring an excellent century in the second match, while Harikrishnan scored 56 runs.

Loyola College 79 runs--Christians 86.

Law College 205 runs—Christians 214 for 4 wickets.

We have concluded our season winning 5 out of the eight League matches played.

B. BHASKER RAO.

The Free Looters Cricket Club started the new academic year with many new members. The strength is now forty-two.

The first match of the season was played against the Teachers' College XI at Saidapet. The match ended in a time-limit draw. We played our next important match against the Chromeco Club at Chromepet. Owing to the brilliant batting of Kadambavanam and Thumbuswamy we were able to win by a large margin. The next two important matches that we played, were against the Nungambakkam Recreation Club and the Tambaram Railway Colony respectively; in these matches we unfortunately lost.

The Free Looters got up a hockey team and played a match against a combined Teachers' College and Saidapet High School Team. The Free Looters put up a stout resistance but unfortunately lost.

Mr. Philip Mathew who was one of the founders of the club and who helped it a great deal in its early days has had to resign the secretaryship as he could not spare the time. We hope he will continue to take as great an interest in the club as he did formerly.

Now that the inter block and indoor games matches are over we intend to start our regular practices once again.

B. G. R. KRISHNAMMA,
Secretary.

Tennis

The Tennis Club has broken all previous records this year in its membership which has run to one hundred and seventy. If only there were more courts, a larger number would have enrolled. We had to disappoint many an enthusiast who had dreams about the Davis Cup and the Wimbledon.

We are having a considerably high general standard of the game in the college courts. Though we do not possess any player of an outstanding type, we have some really good players. For the Inter-Collegiate tournament Jacob Cherian, Clement Ratnayya and P. C. Thomas represented the College, and in the Loyola College Tournaments, Thomas, Ratnayya and Pandian played. The doubles pair lost to the Loyola team and in singles Thomas won two rounds and came among the last eight which is indeed a creditable achievement, for this is his debut in Inter-Collegiate Tennis.

During the first term we suffered from scarcity of water and the courts were not up to the mark. But this term, on sunny days we have had the best of tennis. So we cherished high hopes, and for the College Tournaments a record number of entries was received, but our hopes were shattered when Hitler's U-Boats started threatening the merchant navigation which curtailed our weekly supply of balls. Now we change the balls once in twelve days and would you be surprised when I tell you that one of the College court players threw down his racket in great fury at the 'brown-shirted fanatic'. He came on a Monday with hopes of good tennis (for Monday is usually the 'change day'); but to his utter disappointment he found that there were no new balls. He understood the situation and saying, 'Hitler is responsible,' threw down his racket, and it broke to pieces (unfortunately the racket had a Swastika on it). Anyway we are not going to drop the tournament. We will play the matches when we have the supplies.

Let me conclude with all hope of an early end of this war so that we may have our new tennis balls every week.

JACOB CHERIAN,
Secretary.

Boxing

That the noble art of self-defence is fast becoming popular in our College was shown by the fact that this year there have been many new-comers to the Boxing Club. B. W. Fowler, our last year's Captain and leading boxer had to leave us but we were fortunate in getting back almost all the others.

The first term was spent in teaching the beginners the fundamentals of the sport. They made rapid progress and we intended sending in a fair number for the Novices Tournament, but unfortunately this tournament was held in the middle of the Michaelmas Holidays and none of our boxers were able to enter.

However when we returned for the 2nd term we began training for the Inter-Collegiate Boxing Championship which we were determined to keep for the 3rd successive year. Thanks to the conscientious work of our coach Mr. A. S. J. Henry who devoted much of his time and energy to the formation of our team, we were able to send in 15 boxers for the tournament, which was held on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th November. Eight of our boxers entered the finals giving us a total of 12 points, the Medical College coming second with 4.

The following were entered :—

Welter Weight

A. W. Keir } Both lost in
W. N. C. Hensman } preliminary

Light Weight

H. S. Coultrup—Winner.
N. Hunt—Runner-up.

Feather Weight

T. A. Nipps—Winner.
Appaswamy—Lost in preliminary.

Bantam Weight

N. J. Nipps—Lost in preliminary.
Harikrishnan— do. do.

Fly Weight

R. Absalom —Lost in preliminary.
H. Coyne—Did not box.

Paper Weight

G. D. Lawless—Winner.
J. B. Joseph—Did not box in the finals.

Pin Weight

G. R. Nagabushanan—Winner.

Junior Weight

F. Isaiah—Winner.

Welter Weight.—We had two men in this weight and though both lost they did well. Keir, our Captain, was unlucky to meet Bartley, a very strong boxer who forced Keir into holding. Hensman surprised us by his fine fight and at the end of the bout nobody could say who won.

Lights.—In this weight both our boxers reached the finals. Coultrup beat his first opponent on a T.K.O. and after a gruelling fight in the finals he won. Hunt who fought with little or no training did exceptionally well. After a very good show in the semi-finals, he put up a plucky fight in the finals; when in spite of being dazed for the latter half of the fight owing to a rabbit punch, he kept his feet to the end.

Feathers.—Appaswamy who did not feel confident of entering surprised himself by his keen fight which he lost very narrowly. T. Nipps won the weight without much trouble.

Bantams.—Everybody expected N. Nipps to win his weight but he was very unfortunate in having to box twice on the second day. He is to be congratulated on fighting 6 rounds with no training for it. Harikrishnan was unlucky to lose the decision in the semi-finals as everybody watching thought he won. Better luck next time you chaps!

Fly—Both our boxers in this weight were not keeping fit. Coyne suffered from stomach trouble and could not fight. Absalom who fought with his right wrist hurt was forced to give up, but he showed us the advantage of using a snappy straight left.

Papers.—Joseph who won his first two fights on a disqualification must learn that courage is essential in a boxer's make-up. He gave Lawless a walk over in the finals by not turning up. Lawless had no difficulty in winning his weight.

Pin Weight.—Both our boxers entered the finals. Nagabushanam got a walk over in the semi-finals and beat Michael in the finals. Michael fought well against a more experienced boxer.

Junior Weight.—Isaiah without a day's training did exceptionally well, winning both his bouts comfortably.

T. A. Nipps,
Vice-Captain.

THE COLLEGE BOXING TEAM, WINNERS OF THE LALITA SASTRI SHIELD FOR THE THIRD YEAR IN SUCCESSION

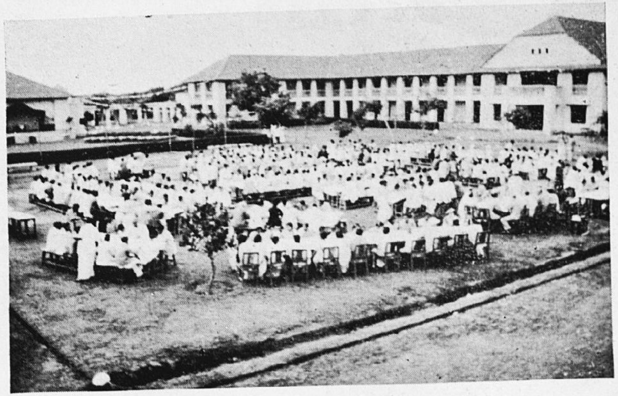
Back row.—F. Isaiah, Appaswamy, N. Nipps, Joseph.

Second row.—N. Hunt, Harikrishnan, W. Hensman, H. Coultrup, H. Coyne, R. Absalom, K. K. John.

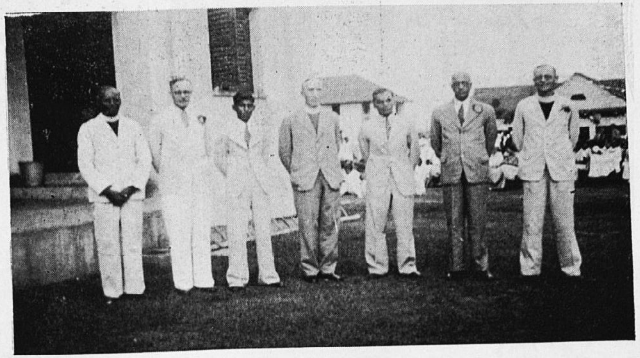
Sitting.—Mr. A. J. S. Henry (*Trainer*), Mr. A. J. Boyd (*Principal*), A. Keir (*Captain*), T. Nipps (*Vice-Captain*), E. J. Bingle (*Bursar*), Mr. C. A. Abraham (*President*).

Michael. G. Lawless.

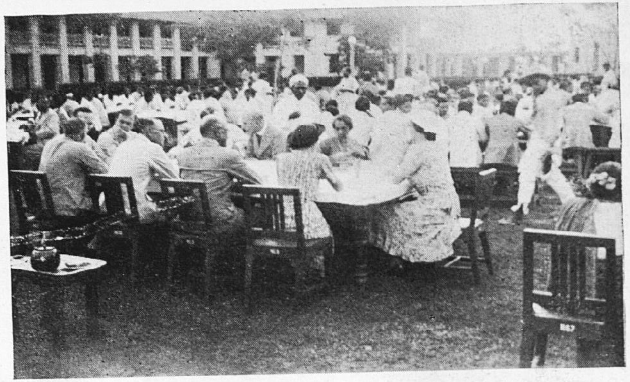
BISHOP HEBER HALL DAY

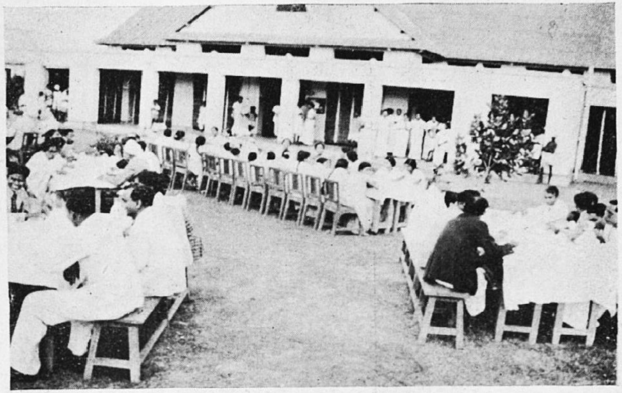


THE GUESTS AT TEA



THE HALL DAY GROUP





A NEARER VIEW OF THE GUESTS

HALL REPORTS

Bishop Heber Hall

'Wars may come and wars may go but our Hall-day goes on for ever', was the triumphant shout of the Pro-Hall-day party after their significant victory over the Anti-Hall-day party (with sinister humanitarian motives!) in a General Body Meeting. Our Hall-day—the most important function, held on the 4th of November and attended by old boys, the 'dignitaries' of Tambaram town and a 'Chosen few' from Madras—has come and gone; and some are even now counting the number of days for the next Hall-day.

And now the life of the Hall goes on in a humdrum way although our orators furiously debated on, 'compulsory military training and the Indian youth', and had good discussion (sitting on the balustrades) on the 'resignation of the Congress Ministries'.

The approach of Deepavali saw many members of the Anti-Bathing Club (A.B.C.) take their annual bath, and now, due to the winter months and the vigorous propaganda by the A.B.C., the bathrooms are simply deserted. Three cheers to the A.B.C. President!

Just a word about the Free Looters; some one seems to have freely looted their stumps and that is why they don't play nowadays.

I have a strange feeling that the importance of our Hall has *increased* by the fact that we have acquired the friendship at the cost of the near proximity of not only the 'White Hall' but also of, what one of our residents called, the 'Hogg Villains'. The 'Hogg Villains' are just those people who have not had the opportunity of becoming Vandalur *Rangers* or Selaiyur *Foresters* or *Free Looters.* They have become Hogg *Villains.*

Quite lately we have been hearing a lot about the 'keep-fit' class of our Sister Halls. Our Hall believes neither in these classes nor in 'Swedish exercises' but in a totally different, perfect and a far better system of exercises devised by one of its brilliant residents. In this system, the stomach,—the storehouse and distributor of whatever is necessary to the other parts of the body,—is the centre of interest. The more you give to the stomach, the more is distributed to the other parts of the body and obviously the greater your strength. [The other Hall elites will please note, we might challenge them one day]. Hence we have taken up these ever-famous lines as our motto:

So munch on, crunch on.
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon.

Hereafter if you don't find any Heberite in his room go direct to the Mess. It is ten to zero you will find him there.

Ah, that reminds me of my Christmas dinner—

So, a 'frightfully' happy Christmas and a glorious New Year to you all.

Albert S. Paul,
General Secretary.

St. Thomas's Hall

When we came back to the Hall after the vacation we were greeted

with rains. We welcomed the showers and enjoyed them very much with 'duckings'.

For our terminal entertainment a very fine show was put up and we are keeping up our glorious tradition. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Philip Chandran and Mr. R. S. Macnicol. Mr. Narayana Menon as Lt. Backsight, Mr. K. J. Natarajan as Mrs. Pocket, little Somanna as Greta were good and Mr. Augustine Devapriyam as Justice Pocket was superb.

A word must be said about the good work done by the Mess Secretaries. Messrs. P. A. Verghese, Bhaskar Rao and I. B. Khan have put up a heroic fight with the contractors of the respective messes and they are particularly careful to see that the members are 'almost well fed'. They are doing their best to keep up the weight of our monsters.

The Indoor Games Secretary Mr. C. M. Poulose and the Outdoor Games Secretary Mr. A. Kurian are busy with the hall tournaments; but Mr. P. C. Thomas, the Hall Tennis Secretary, had to postpone his tournaments due to scarcity of tennis balls.

Mr. Mohandas, our librarian, is regular at his work and he has introduced many new reforms. The weekly bulletin which was started last year is still a source of great interest to the members, though at times the 'Tickler' annoys some touchy personalities.

In spite of all these activities everyone is careful regarding his studies, for all of us are quite aware that activities or no activities do not count in the least with the learned Principal when he considers selection and promotion. Everyone is at his books during the stipulated hours—but for a few minutes—little past ten in the night many come out for a 'comic rest' and it need not be explained for it was well demonstrated in our entertainment 'Black Out in St. Thomas's Hall'.

The 'Vandalur Rangers' were sorry because their old grounds have become the lake for our 'Boat Club' and the Rangers sometimes play water-polo and uncle Shan once used the cricket bat to paddle the boat. (It is now a well-established custom that during monsoonish weather the 'Vandalur Rangers' do not function as a cricket club, but as a water-polo club). It is whispered that the 'Rangers' have secured the permission of the authorities to use the U. T. C. ground. Our thanks are due to the authorities. The record of matches played by the Rangers is indeed creditable, for they played four, won three and drew one.

Thus it is that we go about our work in the Hall and it is but natural that we are hailed as 'the jolly good fellows of Tambaram, the members of St. Thomas's Hall'.

JACOB CHERIAN,
General Secretary.

Selaiyur Hall

Many Selaiyur lads spent the Michaelmas vacation in St. Thomas's Hall, where we had a jolly good time, with plenty of play and no work. During this time, we built a raft (which still exists) which was the first, perhaps, to venture out on the lakes of Tambaram. Now that the level of water has risen alarmingly, this unstable vessel is not used too frequently.

The Hall Bulletin is nearly three months old now and still going strong. Our first editor, Mr. P. S. Raman, resigned because he had too much of other work to do, and Mr. Govindarajulu has now taken his place. With so many Hall activities, the Editor requires every skill to keep the Bulletin going.

With keen inter-hall rivalry, the standard of Hall entertainments has risen considerably, and we spent a long time planning out original items. We produced a fairly good show, which was somewhat marred by the bad acoustics in the Anderson Hall, and the confusion towards the end in our arrangements.

All the Hall tournaments have begun and, as usual, they will drag on until the third term. The tennis tournament had to be stopped when the balls were about two or three weeks old with no sign of new balls arriving.

One of the important events of this term was the founding of a cricket club, the *Selaiyur Foresters.* A field was cleared and a pitch prepared mostly by the members themselves. It has now about thirty members and they have already played two or three matches, in all of which the scores and the bowling averages have been most phenomenal. It is quite usual for the Captain, R. T. Parthasarathy, to take a few hat-tricks and hit a couple of sixes. 'Ducks' also are alarmingly frequent. Long live *Selaiyur Foresters* !

The dreadful Selection Exams. are looming ahead and many of our members are already burning the midnight bulb. As we sang in one Hall entertainment in a song composed by Mr. Jansen,

'I gets weary,
And sick of mugging,
I'm tired of cramming and fear'd of plugging,
But Ol' man Boyd, he just keeps fining us all.'

GEORGE ABRAHAM,
General Secretary.

HOW MUCH DO YOU KNOW ?

(Vide page 60 of the last issue.)

THE ANSWERS

1. (*a*) Joe Louis
   (*b*) Joe Hulme
   (*c*) Joe Kirkwood
   (*d*) Joe Davis
   (*e*) Joe Bambrick
   (*f*) Joe Canty
   (*g*) Joe Jacobs.
2. Emile Cohl. In Paris.
3. Baroness of Clifton.
4. Sir Charles E. Kingsford Smith.
5. Denmark.
6. Helen Ashton.
7. Meriel Buchanan. Anne was the wife of Louis XIII of France.
8. The Pope.
9. This is the trophy given for table tennis.
10. Violo Myllerinne.

K. P. PHILIP.

N.B.—As not even three out of the ten questions were answered fully, no prize was awarded.—*Editor*.